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MISCELLANIES IN VERSE

CONSISTING OF

POEMS, TALES, TRANSLATIONS,

&c.

Multaque de rerum mistura dicere callent

LUCRETIUS.

BY THE LATE

HENRY WILLIAM TYTLER, M. D.

CALCUTTA:

Printed by V. HOLCROFT, at the Asiatic Press, No. 3, Council-House Street.

1828.

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PREFACE

BY THE AUTHOR.

Of all literary Productions; none have been more favourably received than Miscellaneous Poems, the variety of which will sometimes make an indifferent Poet come off with a success, he might scarcely be entitled to from his happiness in treating his subjects.

To make an Apology for a new Volume of this kind, would be the same thing, as if one were to excuse himself for building a house in a large city, because there are a great number of houses in it already. Books, though they cannot be said to decay like Buildings, fall into neglect, or disrepute, sometimes without deserving it. The natural curiosity of mankind always desires something new; and the

repeated Editions of our British Poets, lately made and the new Poems advertised in every newspaper are a proof that the taste for such Pieces is by no means decreasing. The following, except one or two, were written more for amusement than with a view to publication. And they have now found their way to the Press, for a reason which has probably given birth to many similar performances; namely the opinion of those, who have perused them, that they will be read with some degree of pleasure. Some are original, others after the example of Chaucer, Prior and Dr. Parnell in his Hermit, Imitations of Stories already known to the public in Prose and one, the story from Machiavel derived from Italy. A Country that, though not comparable to what it was in ancient times, has contributed in no small degree to the elegant Literature of these Kingdoms. The celebrated Rape of the Lock had never existed, but for the Poem of Tassoni; of which the first Edition was little more than a Translation. The Knight's Tale, the Clerk's Tale, the Merchant's Tale, and several other of Chaucer's best are Italian, and even Milton himself is thought to have been obliged to the Italian in some of his smaller pieces.

In the two Tales translated from Chaucer, I have endeavoured to imitate the method of Pope, and Dryden, adhering as close to my original, as if he had been a Greek or Latin Classic, and whoever deviates from this rule and thinks to make the Tales more agreeable, by a pompous imitation, or interspersing passages of his own, as has been done by Mr Ogle, and others, will find that his performance will be neglected at last. If the Tale of Walter and Grisild have any fault in Chaucer, it is too long; and of this he seems to have been sensible, by dividing it into six parts, and thus giving a breathing place to the Reader, at the end of every 200 Lines or so; by which means the whole appears shorter, and it is read with greater pleasure on account of this division. Very different has been the method of Mr. Ogle in his imitation, who has swelled it up into a sort of Heroic Poem, almost entirely divested of that humour and naïveté which marks the original; and by extending the piece to above twice its original size, without any division: he has made it so insufferably tedious that, for my part at least, I found it impossible to read it through. His Tale of Gamelyn is, if possible yet more amplified; indeed so much, that we scarce get a sight of Chaucer from be-

ginning to end. In him it is merely an old English Historical Ballad and as such it is here translated. But Mr. Ogle by taking it out of this stile, and endeavouring to make it, what it was never intended to be an Heroic Poem, has sometimes betrayed himself into strange absurdities. For instance, before Gamelyn mounts his horse, to go to the wrestling, Chaucer says simply that he put on a pair of spurs, Mr. Ogle, wishing to heighten this idea, according to his pompous method adds, that after Gamelyn had put on his spur.

"He look'd like Hermes just prepar'd to fly."

We have seldom found a more unnatural, or bombast comparison. Indeed the very names shew this Author's fondness for amplification. Instead of Walter and Grisild, he says Gualrus, and Griselda; as if Pope had said Januarius and Maia, or Drydea Palamonus and Arcita. The Tale of Chaucer, done by these two great Authors, will not soon be equalled, much less excelled. For my part, I shall not attempt either. But if the two here presented to the Public are agreeable Translations of other Tales from this entertaining Poet, will be given in the future Volumes of this miscellany; which, it is intended, should be continued occasionally.

THE

MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR,

A TALE,

IMITATED FROM THE

PROSE,

OF THE FAMOUS

NICHOLAS MACHIAVEL,

IN THREE CANTOS.

Some wicked Wits have libell'd all the Fair.

POPE.

Whether the following Tale be founded on any Facts or Anecdotes of former times, current in the days of Machiavel it is perhaps impossible to determine. But it seems to have been intended not only as a Satire on the taste for extravagant magnificence that prevailed, particularly among the Ladies, in

Italy and all the Southern Countries of Europe, both before, and during the time of the Sixteenth Century ; but likewise to answer a purpose somewhat similar to the design of Don Quixote. For as that ridicules the Stories of Knight errantry then prevailing in Spain, so does this the Fictions of Persons being possessed with Evil Spirits ; in those times, chiefly by the contrivance of the monks, universally believed in Italy, and other Roman Catholics Countries. It has long been translated into English Prose, but probably not much known, or generally read : From its uncommon structure, and the fancy displayed from beginning to end, the Author of the present Miscellany judged that an Imitation in verse might not be altogether unentertaining to those into whose hands his Publication might fall in which, though he has kept close to the thread of the story he has not scrupled to intersperse such additional thoughts as it appeared to him, would make the whole more agreeable to the ears of an English Reader. And if it produce no other good effect, it may serve to amuse an idle hour within doors, which bad weather, or some other circumstance prevents from being agreeably employed without.

THE Belphegor

MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

Canto First.

A holy Man, some hundred years ago,
That liv'd in Florence, as old records shew,
Deep in a Trance, like Don Quevedo, fell,
And saw whole Troops of Ghosts go down to hell,
With such loud outcries, and unusual moans
That Pluto, startling at their dreadful groans
Enquir'd the cause: when all, descending then
Exclaim'd, they were the Souls of Married Men:
And each, when question'd of his former life,
Declar'd his mis'ry owing to his Wife,
That her allurements prompted ev'ry crime,
By him committed on this side of time,
For which he, miserable soul, was hurl'd
From Earth's gay Regions to the infernal World:
That, had he shunn'd her, and unmarried been,
These dark and drear Abodes he ne'er had seen;
And begg'd for mercy on his piteous case,

Till his fair Spouse should reach the self-same place,
When, face to face, they might examin'd be
The Tempter doom'd, the Tempted still set free,
Or, this not happ'ning, mercy should be shewn
Till, by some other means, the truth was known.
The grizly monarch heard the sad complaint
For Æacus, for Rhadamanthus sent,
And Minos stern, that if report say true,
Are Executioners and Judges too:
Then. by swift messengers commanded all
His Pow'rs to council in th' infernal Hall,
But with deep secresy, and more, 'tis thought,
For sake of form, than that he doubted aught,
Of what the married Ghosts complain'd. In truth,
Tho' he had stole a Lady in his youth,
He found such pain, vexation, noise and strife
Attendant on that blessing call'd a Wife,
That twenty times as much he had believ'd,
And, for the poor complainants, much was griev'd,
For this fair Lady, tho' from Jove she sprung,
Tho' born a Goddess, had a mortal tongue,
Which, as true Histories tell would ne'er lie still,
But forc'd him oft to act against his will.
Then, let no earthly husband e'er complain,
That his vexatious spouse can give him pain

When ev'n the Prince of Hell, that dreaded name,
With all his tortures, racks, and raging flame,
His wide dominion, and his pow'rful sway.
Submits and lets his Empress have her way,
So to Proserpina he nothing said,
Who then was luckily confin'd to bed,
Lest she perhaps in her own sex's cause
Might tempt the Judges to betray the Laws,
But firm resolv'd to have strict justice done,
He call'd his Lords and Barons ev'ry one
And all obey'd the summons; ne'er before,
In modern eyes, or yet in those of yore,
Had this dark state in equal numbers met,
Or had such reason for profound debate:
Nor seem'd it likely, that such great affair
Would in succeeding times, demand their care.
And our most rev'rend Sire, whom none can doubt,
Affirms the plaintiff ghosts were all put out,
The doors so guarded, and the gall'ries clear'd,
That none, but he, the sage debatings heard
When from his throne, amidst the great Divan
Th' infernal Monarch rose and thus began.

Ye mighty Dœmons of the vast abyss
Ye Peers, and Princes, take it not amiss
That ye are thus conven'd from each retreat

To consultation in our princely seat.
A point, before unheard of, strange and nice
Claims your attention, judgement, and advice,
For we have call'd you from th' infernal den
To hear the loud complaints of married men,
Whose wretched souls, in such strange numbers, come,
That Hell itself can scarce afford them room.
And, what excites our wonder, these poor ghosts
Just as they land on our Tartarean coasts,
All, with one voice, exclaim, "Our wives, our wives
Caus'd all the crimes, committed in our lives,
For which we, miserable souls, are hurl'd
From earth's gay regions to th' Infernal World,"
And beg entire acquittal or, at least,
That, till we search the truth, they be releas'd.
Now tho' Dominion was to us assign'd
Of old, from heav'n, o'er such of human kind
As downward come, to punish or release
T' acquit, condemn and torture, as we please:
Tho' we believe not this most strange report,
Which, were it true, had surely reach'd our Court
Long ages since, tho' we respect the fair,
And of connubial bliss enjoy our share,
Yet would it on our justice much reflect,
Were we this urgent bus'ness to neglect,

And doom the married souls without reprieve
Because we cannot their complaints believe,
Wherefore, we have in haste assembled you
To learn if those reports be false or true;
This to discover, methods must be try'd,
And what the best your wisdom can decide,

So spake the King; and all the infernal state
Agreed, the point was worthy of debate;
But, how to find the truth, none there could tell:
Some thought a party should be sent from hell,
T' inhabit earth, to roam thro' upper air,
And watch the motions of the married fair.
But this advice each Dœmon soon disclaim'd,
Lest he, amongst the number, should be nam'd;
And most, to save themselves, declar'd that one
Should on this embassy, be sent alone:
While some, with hearts more hard, and purpose fell
Advis'd, like true inhabitants of hell,
To rack the new-come ghosts, and thus extort
The truth of each incredible report.
But Pluto this, the Judges this deny:
The Sprites at length agree to send a spy:
And, since all present the new post declin'd,
Afraid to trust themselves with women kind,

Th' assembled Senate gave united voice,
That Lots determine this important choice :
The Lots are straight produc'd, are sign'd, are thrown
And one Belphegor, finds the task his own.

Kind fortune never, we may truly tell,
In all her life, decided ought so well,
Nor, from these dark domains, could, one been sent
So much adapted to this grand intent
For he was sherwd, inquisitive and civil,
Obsequious and good-natur'd, tho' a Devil,
Had been, by Pluto, nam'd of old to lead
Th' infernal Host, to combat at their head,
And shewn, when thus appointed o'er the rest,
He had some sparks of honour in his breast
Yet, after all, he gladly had been quit,
And thought some other for the post more fit :
But this was not permitted, the decree
Now pass'd, that none should visit earth but he ;
And these conditions, ere th' assembly clos'd,
Were, by th' infernal Pow'rs, to him propos'd.

That he, Belphegor, should to earth repair,
Assume the human shape, in Realms of air,
Should thence pretend he was of mortal birth,

Support his life, like other sons of earth
Should take a woman to his wedded wife,
And try to live, ten years, a married life;
That term expired, should then pretend to die,
Back to his ancient Quarters instant fly:
Should from his own experience thus declare
The pains, and pleasures of a wedded pair.
And that, to him, before he bent his way,
From that surrounding gloom to Realms of day,
A hundred thousand Ducats should be paid,
By which all charges might be well defray'd.
But it was likewise told him that, when there,
He should, like other men, feel pains and care,
Might be expos'd to sickness, want and woe,
And all the ills, which mortals undergo,
But that, if, by dexterity or art,
He could relieve himself, tho' but in part,
If should not be for scandal or disgrace,
But gain him honour in his former place.

The terms propounded thus Belphegor hears,
And straight accepts, in spite of all his fears,
The ducats, from the treas'ry brought, are giv'n
To pay th' expenses of this flight to heav'n;
Th' assembly then dissolves, the rest prepare
For their own homes, and he for upper air.

Attendants for himself he first provides,
Of Pages, Footmen, and of Guards besides
Then mounts on high, and instant wings his flight,
To this fair world, from realms of ancient night,
Nor was there ought to interrupt his way,
But from th' abyss an ample passage lay,
Too easy now th' ascent: a spacionss road,
For many a league extended, long and broad,
Made by the Pow'rs of Hell when Mortals sinn'd,
For thousand ages has these worlds conjoin'd,
And doom'd to last, till Earth and starry Heav'n
By them polluted, shall to flames be giv'n,
His path he kept, far stretching o'er the reign
Of dreary night, and Chaos'old domain
Swift, as a sp'rit, can move, his way pursu'd
Till Earth, and Sun, and Stars at once he view'd
Came first in sight, by unperceived degrees,
Like some black cloud ascending from the seas,
Then burst impetuous in a rushing storm,
And, on a mountain, took the human form,
His journey o'er, he casts about to find
Some noble City, fitted to his mind,
Where he, at once, his money might improve,
Discharge his office and indulge his love;
For, with his changing shape, he soon began

To feel desires and passions as a man.
For this, in vain, thro' various claimes he sought;
At length Italia rises to his thought,
And, of Italian cities, none he deem'd
So fit for him, as Tuscan Florence seem'd;
For there he heard, were store of beauteous Dames
Of wealthy Traders, and of noble names.
All other places, therefore set aside,
Like some proud Lord, adorn'd in all his pride,
His livries rich and his retinue gay,
To Florence straight Belphegor speeds his way
And that his coming might be nois'd abroad,
Before him Horsemen, at due distance rode.

Nor think it strange, that an infernal sprite
Should venture thus, t' appear in open sight,
Since we by Seers of ancient days, are told.
That Satan ere he tempted Job of old,
Durst shew himself, among the Sons of God,
Before his Maker, in the blest abode;
And that, into an heav'enly Angel still,
He can transform himself whene'er he will,
With such strange cunning, that no Pow'r can prove
The deep deceit, save He who reigns above.

THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

Canto II.

Behold him now in Florence, at an Inn,
Where all his equipage might well be seen
But, moving thence, he hir'd a noble house,
And then bethought him of his future Spouse:
Said, he was borne a Spaniard, but had pass'd
Much time in Syria; from Aleppo last
Had come, where he, with honour, had acquir'd
An ample fortune, but at length grown tir'd
Of that unhealthy clime, had left the place,
And chose to live in Florence, for a space,
That being the mean (his reason he'd not hide)
'Twixt Eastern luxury, and Spanish pride;
That there he wish'd, could he but find a Mate,
To taste the pleasures of the married state:
Shew'd he was kind and lib'ral, wisely knew
To gain great riches, and to use them too.
In all a well-bred Nobleman appears
Who look'd as he had seen but thirty years,

His person such, as might the fair beguile,
And call'd himself Don Rod'ric of Castile.

Swift spreads the rumour. Who, but must believe
The flatt'ring tale, so fitted to deceive?
Each noble Florentine, with daughters bless'd
Who store of these, with little wealth, possess'd,
By them, and by their spouses prompted, ran
To make acquaintance with the wond'rous man,
If so perhaps, their daughter's charms might draw
This newcome Spaniard for a son-in-law
Who such delight, among these Ladies, found,
That soon he thought himself on fairy ground,
And that if once united to a wife,
He ne'er would weary of the blissful life;
Wish'd he had bargain'd for a longer term,
For, from such beauty who could suffer harm?
Yet mindful that ten years was all the time
He durst consume in this enticing clime,
And fearing lest, if he too long delay'd
Th'important trust, for which on earth he stay'd
His jealous monarch might begin to frown,
And send some fiercer sp'rit to drag him down
To racks, to tortures, and unceasing flame,
In place of those on whose account he came,

One beauteous maid he singled from the rest,
Who seem'd to him the brightest and the best,
Of rank superior, of unsully'd fame,
Not rich, but young, Honesta was her name:
And such her charms, her form divinely fair,
Her winning softness, her attractive air,
Her wit enticing, her enchanting face,
Her easy motions, and majestic grace,
That, bless'd with her, to our Don Rod'ric seem'd
The joys of Heav'n itself a while redeem'd.

'Twas true, the Father of his wish'd-for bride
Who had three daughters, and three sons besides,
Tho' nobly born, and of a large Estate,
Come from his Ancestors, was much in debt,
Expensive liv'd, and by report of all
His lands and goods to Creditors must fall.
The sons were men, the Ladies in their prime,
Both giv'n to nought but pleasures of the time:
But Rod'ric minds not this, resolv'd to shew
What favours love and fortune could bestow.
And, lest some youth, more eager to possess,
Should step between, and intercept his bliss,
The weighty bus'ness he no more delay'd,
But told his love, and such proposals made,

As might induce the Parents to comply,
And which the coyest maid could scarce deny:
Refus'd all dowry, and assur'd that he
Would them, from each expence of wedding free;
Commends her shape, her beauty, and her wit,
Affirms that none, but she, his taste could hit:
Swore, what he thought, the match he ne'er would rue,
And thus for once the Devil himself spoke true,
Who could his mind as easily deceive
As when himself seduc'd our Grandame Eve:
For Ladies now, grown wiser than of yore
Maintain their rights more firmly than before
And find securer methods of defence,
Than in the peaceful days of Innocence.
The suit was not unheard; her friends arround
Declar'd such love was no where to be found;
Her sire, her mother, her fair self consent
With equal gladness, and to church they went,

While at his house, the menial train prepare
An entertainment, with much cost and care,
The noble friends, before invited, come
To welcome this bewitching Lady home
Our Florence ne'er beheld so rich a feast,

Such mirth and pleasures given to ev'ry guest
A wedding solemniz'd at such expence,
Such vast profusion of magnificence,
Nor, ev'n in days of ancient Roman pride,
So gay a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride.

But Rod'ric, ere the Honey-moon was o'er,
Found his expected happiness no more,
And, cunning as he thought himself to be,
His new-made wife more cunning prov'd than he
At first indeed his bliss appear'd complete,
Each hop'd for joy in his fair spouse to meet,
And he, we know not why, became so pleas'd,
That each succeeding day, his love increas'd;
Grew fond of all her friends and found new cause
Of joy, from honour and the world's applause:
Which she perceiving soon with higher hand
Began to exercise supreme command,
And, as his person was to her consign'd,
She shew'd his purse must not remain behind.
If he refus'd her ought, would pout and gloom,
Fall sick and weep, and distant airs assume,
Or, in his ears, such constant larums ring,
With that dread weapon, her eternal tongue,
That he was fain to let his own lie still,

And quietly submitted to her will.
But all would not suffice; her noble birth
Had made her proud beyond the race of earth:
The fortune, to her virgin-years deny'd,
She, by imperious carriage, so supply'd,
That he, tho' form'd a Spirit and us'd to know
Th' unequall'd pride of Lucifer below,
Would swear her haughty airs, beyond compare,
Excell'd all arrogance discover'd there,
Would curse his office, wish and sigh again
To be transform'd and carry'd to his old domain
And thus deliver'd from that woful life
A henpeck'd husband and a scolding wife.
But this yet must not be; the mandate bore
Return he durst not, till ten years were o'er
Nor from his wedded spouse, attempt to fly,
Nor, till the destin'd hour, pretend to die;
And she, who thought his ducats ne'er would end,
Contriv'd now nothing but how most to spend.
First, with pretended taste, begins to buy,
Clothes passing fine, that all her sex outvie,
And flying fame, Honesta soon proclaims
The vainest of our vain Florentian dames.
But what she sent from shop to shop to seek,
She quickly tires of changes once a week.

And forc'd her husband, now grown tame and soft,
Tho' richly dress'd, to change his own as oft.
These ills he bore, from his continu'd love,
Which oft he'd curse, but had not pow'r to move;
And since, nor man, nor Devil appear'd to make
His sisters offers and for wives to take
He gave them portions of his own accord,
In hopes to see them vex their future Lord:
For, caught himself within the marriage-gin
He wish'd his neighbours were as deeply in—
To please his wife, he's next constrain'd to give
Her noble Brothers wherewithal to live;
Sends one with stuffs, along the eastern Main,
And one, with bales of silk, to France and Spain:
The third turns Goldsmith, lives at home and brings
His consort gems and stones and spacious things
Such hard affections, sure, might discompose
The calmest Dev'l that e'er from Hell arose;
But worse remains behind: in costly balls,
In entertainments, shows, and carnivals,
Our Florence has, for ages, gain'd renown
Above the fame of each Italian town.
All these Honesta gives; and at the feast,
Of great Saint John, her Rod'ric must be drest
In pomp and splendor, far beyond the rest,

But loss of fortune he had borne with ease,
Had she but given the least domestic peace,
And let him live in quiet till the hour
Ordain'd to free him from all female pow'r.
But vain such hopes: for, tho' she made pretence
Of taste and higher rank, for each expence
Her ruling passion was to live in strife,
And make her husband weary of his life.
So fast encreas'd her insolence, that all
His mortal Servants soon desert the hall:
Those, best affected to their Lord's affairs
No longer could support such haughty airs.
And these, procur'd with pains, to fill their place,
Were instant turn'd away, before his face;
So that his life grew one continu'd scene.
Of scolding riot, luxury and spleen,
And, from approaching want, he now began
To feel, in full extent the woes of man.
Nor truly, can we blame his pain and grief,
To which, on earth, there seem'd no more relief,
When ev'n the Sp'rits, that came with him to dwell,
Chose to return, and rather live in hell,
Within the reach of all surrounding flame,
Than bear the pride of this imperious dame,

Don Rod'ric, thus forsaken and alone,
His money spent, and his attendants gone,
Still entertain'd some hopes, he might subsist,
By profit of his goods, from east and west:
So, to preserve his former state he went
To those by whom, in Florence, cash was lent
And, as his credit yet was unimpair'd,
The first request they, with some favour, heard.

But he, who borrows, is but half believ'd,
And small the want, that Us'ry e'er reliev'd:
The Tenders, in familiar talk, suspect
That he must surely his affairs neglect;
That from expence, and what from them he sought,
He was not half so rich as once 'twas thought
One said, he owes me this, another that,
And all his mis'ry soon grew common chat.

Meanwhile to him, yet living at his home,
The news of two more sad disasters come:
That of Honesta's Brothers, one had lost
At Hazard more than Ship and cargo cost;
That one, returning, had been cast away,
Himself, his goods, and vessel drown'd at sea.
Don Rod'ric's sorrow, who can now express?

He saw his ruin come without redress,
His credit gone, himself forsook by all,
And ev'n his wife scarce grieving at his fall.
Abroad the rumour runs on scandal's feet
And soon the creditors resolve to meet,
Produc'd their vouchers, rav'd and rag'd, and swore
They ne'er had been so taken in before:
And tho' the term of payment was at hand,
Since they their money could not yet demand,
Agreed to watch him close lest, or by ship,
Or inland march, he gave their hands the slip.

But Rod'ric, his whole fortune gone to wreck
Had thoughts of flight, and ne'er returning back;
For, of his time to sink beneath the sun,
There now remain'd but some few days to run:
Besides, he fear'd much more his dev'lish wife,
Than, or imprisonment, or loss of life.
A secret in his breast, yet unreveal'd,
He kept with care, and had from all conceal'd.
For, should he stay, within his Lady's pow'r
One minute longer than the destin'd hour;
Or, should she catch him, after his escape,
Ev'n when transform'd t' his own infernal shape,
'Twas by the Stygian document contriv'd
She might, so pleasing, keep him while she liv'd.

These thoughts resolv'd within his careful mind
He straight resolves to leave his foes behind,
Eludes his wife, his creditors, takes horse,
And, from the town, next morning bend his course.
But soon 'twas known, and Posts and Catchpoles sent
T' explore the coast, and learn which way he went:
And, lest these officers (no better found
In our Etruria, than in countries round)
Should, of their humour, and their faith be reft
By those few ducats in his pockets left,
The Creditors in one full body, run
T'inform the magistrates that he was gone,
Procure strong warrants, and themselves pursue,
To keep their Posts and Debtor both in view.

But our Don Rod'ric, wiser far than they,
E'er half a league h' had gallop'd on his way
Arriv'd where ditches intersect the fields,
And many a hedge an ample cov'ring yields
Dismounts, resigns his courser and the road,
Rocks, rills, and dens, and narrow foot paths trod;
Till, under shade of reeds, that there abound,
And shelt'ring vines, that fill the country round,
Elate in thought to 'scape his haughty dame,
By dusk of eve, to Peretole he came:

And held himself most happy, there to find
One, John Matteo del Bric a country hind,
Whom, at his door, he fortunately saw,
To feed his cattle, bearing corn and straw,

Our quondam Lord advanc'd, in haste, to accost
The man he wish'd to be his present host:
First paid such compliments as strangers use,
Enquir'd of markets, crops and country news
Then by degrees, unfolds his woful plight,
And whence, and why, he there had bent his flight;
And, when he found the Peasant stood inclin'd
To grant protection more reveal'd his mind.
Told what he was, told all the tale most true,
Which gentle Readers, we have told to you
And, with such eloquence, adorn'd the whole,
That Matteo groan'd, and sorrow'd from his soul:
Declar'd, no Dev'l was e'er so hard bestead,
That he'd protect him, should it cost his head;
And, as there seem'd but little time to lose,
Just in a dunghill there he clapt him close,
Cover'd well o'er with Faggots, Reeds and Hay,
And such materials as adjacent lay,
While Rod'ric vow'd and swore that, for the deed,
He'd give reward that should his hopes exceed.

Meantime the Creditors had seiz'd his horse,
Had, by his footsteps, traced his after-course,
And scarce was he to this new cave retir'd,
When all rush'd in, with equal fury fir'd,
Search'd Stable, Barn and Cottage, o'er and o'er
And ev'ry place that had, or hole or door.
Like Lords they swagger'd, rag'd and flung about,
Affirm'd him in, tho' he should ne'er come out,
And try'd, by bribes and threats, t' induce the Boor
To tell what stranger enter'd last his door.
But Matteo prov'd no fool: he wisely knew
What side to take when int'rest was in view:
Despis'd their threatenings, and, considering well
Their bribes were nothing to the pow'r of Hell,
Contriv'd his guest, from ev'ry foe, to screen,
And swore, point blank, that he no man had seen.
The dissapointed Creditors believe,
Nor think a peasant could their hopes deceive;
And, after some few vain attempts to trace
Their Debtor's steps beyond the Rustic's place,
Each on his Post, his neighbour, lays the blame
But all return the same long way they came.
The alarm now over, and the coast quite clear,
Our Hind, with cautious steps approaching where,
As yet in rueful case, Don Rod'ric lay,

Half smother'd, underneath the reeds and hay,
Remov'd his cov'ring, gave him some fresh air,
And claim'd his promise, e'er he thence repair.
He ro e and, like an honest Dev'l declar'd,
His Host should soon obtain the wish'd reward:
He shook his hand, and swore that Matteo, since
He thus had sav'd him, should become a Prince.
Whene'er, said he, you hear of one distress'd,
Of a fair Lady by the Devil possess'd,
Assure yourself that Dev'l is none but I,
And that from her, at your commands, I'll fly:
So watch th' occasion, seize the coming hour,
And make your fortune, while 'tis in your pow'r.

No more discourse they had; but vaulting high,
Don Rod'ric seem'd as if to Heav'n he'd fly,
Turn'd round in air, more active feats display'd
Than e'er, by Tumbler on the Stage, were made;
Then shew'd some juggling tricks, Belphegor grew,
And, from astonish'd Matteo, straight withdrew:
Who then could scarce believe his ears, or eyes,
But gaz'd, half stupid, on the clouding skies,
And, when recover'd, search'd about to find
The cloven stamp that Dœmons leave behind.

Some while now past, 'twas rumour'd o'er the town,
The Dev'l had to a married Lady gone
Amidei's daughter, Thebalducci's spouse
Possess'd her Soul, and much disturb'd her house.
But, think you who contriv'd this artful wile?
'Twas our ingenious Rod'ric of Castile.
He rail'd at his Honesta from her head;
Much, both of her, and of himself he said.
And, to convince the world, it was no vain
Fantastic dream, nor offspring of the brain
That vex'd the dame: that 'twas no dull night-mare,
No slight disease, nor other small affair:
No melancholy fit, no trifling whim,
But that she was indeed possessed by him
She could, in deep Philosophy, dispute,
Could, in Religion, learn'd Divines confute,
Spoke better Latin than e'er Tully wrote,
And ev'n reveal'd some peoples inmost thought;
Who were surpriz'd the Dev'l, tho' in such airs,
Should trouble his head with other folks affairs.

Among these stories, she was heard to tell
Of one reputed Saint that, in his cell,
Had kept, five years, a mistress for a monk;
Of other Fathers, how they oft got drunk,

With tales so strange, that all exclaim'd, till then
Such falshoods ne'er were rais'd on Holy Men.
Meanwhile the Parents, sunk in deep distress,
Us'd ev'ry means the Dame to dispossess;
Gave all, or Physic, or Religion brought,
But drugs and charms, and prayers, and all prov'd nought.
The Dev'l was wiser; he refus'd to flinch,
Nor, from the Lady's head, would budge an inch.
In vain, each heav'nly mean, each earthly tool
Were try'd: in vain, before her on a stool
They plac'd St. Zanobe's head, St. Galbert's cloak,
Belphegor laughed, and swore 'twas all a joke.

But Matteo, who had trac'd the whole affair,
Came, to relieve them from their last despair,
Procur'd admittance to th' afflicted Dame,
And told her friends his errand and his name:
Said, he could some small miracles perform,
And might perhaps this Dœmon's quarters storm;
Was vex'd to see the Fair such woes endure,
But ask'd five hundred Florins for the cure.
This sum he fix'd, because a little farm
At Perotole, well shelter'd, snug and warm,
Just by his own, was then expos'd to sale,

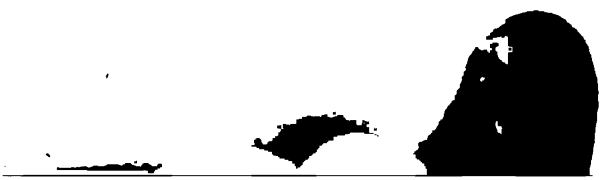
And this to make the purchase, could not fail:
Else Matteo no such high reward had sought,
But, like a Gentleman, perform'd for nought.
The Friends, and Parents gladly give consent,
Produc'd the money, and to work he went:
Began with form, like one who knew his trade,
Said certain Masses, and strange rites display'd,
Some new distortions made, that all might learn,
It was no easy task his fee to earn,
Then stole in silence to the Ladys ear,
And whisper'd close, lest those around should hear,
Flatter'd Don Rod'ric, call'd him Noble Lord,
And hop'd he'd now be mindful of his word—
Content, said Rod'ric; and to shew that I,
Like one of Quality, disdain to lie,
I to my promise will as firmly stand,
As any Lord, that e'er adorn'd the land.
For, since this first adventure, tho' so nice
For present use, t' enrich you wont suffice,
You, in few days I will again befriend,
And, on a nobler expedition send.
When this fair dame is freed from her distress,
A Monarch's Daughter I shall next possess;
Nor will from her retire, till you once more
Dislodge me, from my quarters, as before;

By which, from honour, and from high reward,
You soon will find yourself of much regard,
And made, for ever, 'mong the Sons of Men,
Beyond your wishes: but remember then,
That I, from all engagements, am releas'd,
And, with your service, will no more be teas'd,
He said; and instant from the Lady went,
And Florence wonder'd at the strange event.

THE MARRIAGE OF BELPHEGOR.

Canto, III.

Now, to perform his word, Belphegor goes,
The Daughter of King Charles of Naples chose
For this exploit 'twas told, in ev'ry place,
That the young Princess was in dismal case,
Was by some Dev'l possessed, and frequent seen
Much worse then Thebalducci's wife had been.
The news be sure, to Matteo soon was known
Who thought the wealth of India now his own.
The King afflicted for his daughter, tries
All means of cure, the Exorcists advise:
The monks began with Masses, Fasts and Pray'r,
But still the Dev'l refus'd, no Matteo there,
At length from Florence, the most strange report
Of what so late befell, reach'd Naples' court;
The monarch heard, with undisguis'd content,
And for the wonder-working Peasant sent.
In haste he came and, without bead or book,
Ask'd only on the beauteous maid to look;



His old grimaces made, the fair reliev'd,
And soon an ample recompense receiv'd.

But Rod'ric, as our tale proceeds to tell,
Thus at his parting, bade his Host farewell:
From poor and mean, you Matteo, in a trice,
Are grown, both rich and great, by my advice;
And never, Dœmon, since the world began,
Perform'd his promise so to mortal man.
But mark me well: hence forth avoid my sight,
Nor dare t'approach me, in my future flight,
Else you, by sad experience, soon may know
That ill for good infernal Sp'rits bestow;
And, as before, your firmest friend I seem'd,
So, let me now your greatest foe be deem'd.
Thus, from the Princess, spake the Sp'rit malign,
And flew, to execute his new design.

The speech at first sunk deep in Matteo's heart,
And he, from Naples, hastens to depart:
But happy soon, that matters were no worse,
With good five thousand ducats, in his purse,
Returns to Florence, liv'd a while retir'd,
By all respected, and by all admir'd,
Forgot Belphegor's words, nor ever dream'd

His Guest would change from what before he seem'd.

But, ere 'twas long, sad news arriv'd from France,
Where next our Dœmon chose to lead his dance,
That the sev'nth Louis had a Daughter fair
Possess'd, as late th' Italian Ladies were:
That, for her cure, was us'd each human art,
But all prov'd vain, the Dev'l would not depart.

Now Matteo griev'd at heart; full well he knew
The monarch's greatness, soon recall'd to view
Belphegor's speech. and, from the whole affair,
He doubted not but his old friend was there,
Meantime report had to the Monarch gone
Of his two miracles so lately done,
Who now, by messengers, requests his aid
At Paris to relieve the royal Maid
But he suspecting such might shortly come,
Pretended sickness and kept close at home:
Said, he was, hence, much vex'd himself to find
Unfit to serve the King, tho' much inclin'd.
The King, surpriz'd a Peasant should refuse
His high command, rejects the feign'd excuse,
And to the Magistrates of Florence wrote,

That he to Paris instant should be brought.
They read the mandate, would not disobey—
But went to Matteo's house, without delay,
Said, none but he could such evasions hatch
And sent him off, with infinite dispatch.

With heavy heart he went, that heavier grew.
As nearer to his journey's end he drew,
And when arriv'd, appear'd in more distress,
Than the fair dame he came to dispossess:
He knew no method to perform the task,
That now the King, ev'n with his life, might ask,
At length distracted between hope and fear,
He thought that he perhaps his words might hear,
Was introduc'd, confess'd, 'twas true he cur'd
Two Ladies of sad woes they had indur'd,
But that, such miracles could not be wrought
On all possess'd, to whom his aid was sought;
For there were Dœmons of so cross a grain,
That none could e'er advantage o'er them again,
Whom nor enchantments, exorcisms or threats,
Nor e'en devotion frighten'd from their seats.
That this he said not, wishing to be freed,
From the hard task his Majesty decreed.
But that, should ev'ry effort prove in vain,
He might his gracious pardon then obtain.

Th' impatient monarch scarce would hear him out,
But swore, he must forthwith the Dœmon rout:
That, as he cur'd th' Italian Dames before,
Were not his daughter, from those ills she bore
As well reliev'd, he, by some dreadful death,
Would instant send him to the Dev'l beneath:
Not all his Council could give reasons why
Those miracles, perform'd in Italy,
Might not be wrought in France with equal ease
At Paris, Lyons, or where else you please.

These words touch'd Matteo to the quick much more
Than e'er Belphegor's speech had done before:
For that, of distant ills, but gave th' alarm,
But this, of present, and more dreadful harm;
He thought, in Death there was no joy at all,
And knew, the Monarch's word's without recall.
Wherefore he makes request, at last, to see
The maid distrest, he came so far to free,
His old approaches made, and whisper'd close,
That Rod'ric nothing of the speech might lose:
Said, he was his obedient Servant still,
Had come to Paris much against his will,
Again reminded of the reeds and straw,

How he had sav'd him from the fangs of Law ;
And added should he leave him in the lurch,
That every Member, both of State and Church,
Against such base ingratitude would cry,
So humbly hop'd, he'd from the Lady fly.

He scarce had spoke, when Rod'ric storm'd and rav'd
That he, by him, no longer should be sav'd,
Forsook poor Matteo, at his utmost need,
And shew'd, at length, he was the Dev'l indeed ;
Bestow'd all vill'nous names, reproachful words
That Earth, or Sea, or Hell itself affords,
Revil'd his impudence, contemn'd his pray'r,
Affirm'd, 'twas avarice that brought him there,
And swore, he soon should meet the death he fear'd.
But, tho' all present might the speech have heard,
Such was their terror, from the Dœmon's rage
These words alone attention could engage.

Accurs'd wretch, vile peasant, villain, thief,
Begone, nor more expect, from me, relief!
Forget'st thou Traitor, who thy fortune made,
And what to thee, at Naples, late was said ?
Was you not bid t' enjoy your present lot,
To live retir'd with what, by me, you got ?

You like a Fool, in your own net are caught,
And soon a harder lesson will be taught.
By Pluto's head, by that damn'd shrew, my wife
You ne'er, from Paris shall escape with life,
But instant, by the wrathful king, be doom'd
To some dire death, for having thus presum'd,
Again t' appear within a Dœmon's sight,
That warn'd thee not to interrupt his flight.

But Matteo, finding his first effort fail,
Thought, if by other means he might prevail;
Desir'd the Princess would retire again
To those apartments, she had left in vain,
Form'd, what he judg'd a more successful plan,
And thus, t' appease the angry King began.

I, sacred Sire, to you must still declare,
That some malignant Sp'rits most artful are,
Capricious, perverse, obstinate and fell,
Whom ev'n Saint Paul himself could scarce expell
Of these is he, who has this ill design'd
Who keeps possession of your Daughter's mind:
And, would to Heav'n, the Dœmon might be sent
As well from her, as for the great intent
All methods shall be us'd, all human aid
Atemptted to relieve the royal Maid,

That you may thus your full desires obtain,
The Princess be deliver'd from her pain,
The cure compleatly made, the Dœmon storm'd
And I be happy in my task perform'd.
Should all endeavours fail, I must submit
To bear what you, great Monarch, may think fit.
Meanwhile, O Gracious King, so may you live,
And I relief to your fair Daughter give
Within the Church-yard of our holy Dame,
That ever-honour'd, and immortal name,
Bid your assembl'd workmen straight prepare
A spacious structure, rising high in air
Fit to contain, within its ample round
All Princes, Priests and Lords in Paris found
Let this be made most beauteous to behold,
The circling walls hung high with cloth of gold,
With richest stuffs the lofty seats adorn,
Let all be ready by next Sunday morn;
Let in the midst, a sacred altar rise.
And incense burn, and fragrance fill the skies.
I next entreat you mighty King to call
The great, of Church and State, to this new Hall.
To send the Princess after Mass and Pray'r,
And you dread Sire, in person to be there
Besides, 'tis needful that in some by-street,

On horseback, twenty men at least should meet,
With Trumpets, Hautboys, Cymbals, Drums and Horns
And dress'd in all the Pomp that war adorns.
Should there remain conceal'd; but when in air
I throw my hat, let them to me repair:
That signal giv'n, let them be sure t' advance,
To beat their Drums, to cause their coursers prance
To sound their Cymbals, and their Horns to wind
While Fifes, and Flutes, and Hautboys play behind;
Mix'd with the Trumpets voice, loud noises make,
As if they wish'd the very Earth to shake:
And may this Concert, with some drugs I have
Expell the Dœmon, and your daughter save.

He said, The King, with expectation fir'd
Caus'd all be done, as Matteo had desir'd;
And Sunday come, this Theatre was seen
More throng'd than e'er our Lady's Church had been
While those of rank fill'd all the seats about,
Unnumber'd multitudes stood close without
The Clergy next arriv'd, the bells were rung,
And after Incense burn'd and Mass was sung,
The thronging croud divides on either hand
To admit the Dame with her attending band;

The train came slowly up; two Bishops led
The Princess in, with Rod'ric in her head,
Who, lost in silence, on the wonder gaz'd
Both, at the people, and the place amaz'd
So vast the croud, so fair the structure found,
So rich the stuffs, and such the splendor round:
He fear'd at first, but soon recov'ring strength
Was heard distinct, to speak these words at length.

Much have I travell'd, pass'd thro' many a scene
Yet must admire what this vile Clown may mean;
Oft I behold the pomp of Heav'n display'd,
I know the terrors of th' infernal shade:
Yet these surrounding wonders seem t' excell
All seen by me, on earth, on heav'n, or hell:
But, if he find not what his actions claim,
May Pluto plunge me deep in seas of flame

He ceas'd, His Exorcist observ'd his fear
Stole up, and whis'pring in the Lady's ear,
Repeats his compliments, his service done,
And humbly hop'd, he would at length begone,
But Rod'ric storming, tries t' inflame the croud
Against his host, and threatens thus aloud:

Fool, art thou caught? Believ'st thou thus to bring
The wish'd relief, and hence t' appease the King?

Think'st thou that vain magnificence and show
Will fright a Dæmon to the realms below ?
No Traitor: meet the death you so deserve,
And instant hang, or drown, or burn or starve :
Your pray'rs I heed not, and your threats defy ;
Not all the Pow'rs on earth can make me fly.

He spake so raging, that his trembling host
Fear'd, in his turn, lest all should yet be lost,
But, as his life depended on his art,
Again came up and begg'd him to depart ;
And, tho' the furious Dæmon rav'd and swore,
Gave more opprobrious language than before,
Yet Matteo minded nor his threats nor airs,
But, for his final effort now prepares.
With all his force, his hat, in air, he threw,
Which the conceal'd Musicians instant view :
The drums begin to beat, the steeds to prance.
They range in order, and in haste advance ;
The trumpets voice is heard, the cymbals sound,
And sudden noises seem to rock the ground :
The clarions shrill, the piercing fifes combine,
And all the band, in one full chorus join.
The Dæmon now discover'd signs of fear,
That still encreas'd, as these approach'd more near
Shew'd that some spirits take despairing fits,

And may like men be frighten'd from their wits.
He thought himself, by some strange pow'r enthrall'd
But, with feign'd courage, thus to Matteo call'd:
What mean'st thou Traitor, what new noise is that?
Why all these people, and why toss thy hat?
The noise, said Matteo, is good noise for you,
Such noise as all might love, but none could rue
Prepare, my worthy Lord prepare to hear
The gladdest tidings ever reach'd your ear;
Your Spouse, your honey, and your heart's delight,
Has learn'd, at length, which way you bent your flight
Your own Honesta is to Paris come,
To take you hence, and to conduct you home.
Amaz'd Belphegor hears, nor more he said,
But from th' afflicted Princess, instant fled
Repair'd to his old realms without delay,
And thought his wife behind him all the way,
Rush'd headlong in, lock'd fast the brazen gates,
And straight conven'd the whole infernal states,
Declar'd h'had been, on earth, completely curst,
And that, of lives, a married was the worst;
That the complaining ghosts should all be sent.
T' enjoy for sorrow past, renew'd content:
And 'twas enacted that, in after times,

Whoe'er, descending to these dismal climes,
Could make appear that ten years with a wife,
He bore the thraldom of a married life,
With all the pains and woes that wedlock yields,
Should pass unquestion'd th' Elysian fields;
That his offences, crimes and errors done,
Should hence be pardon'd, and remain unknown.

So then; while Matteo, from his fear releas'd
The Princess dispossess'd, the Monarch pleas'd,
Return'd, in triumph, to his native shore,
Assur'd that all such errands now were o'er.
The story says not, what reward he got,
But that contented with his present lot
And, having gain'd, by former cures, enough
He now rejoic'd to come so cheaply off:
And, glad at heart to have obtained his life
By this feign'd story of the Dœmon's wife,
Grew pious, and reform'd his errors past,
That he might 'scape Belphegor's claws at last.

SIR JOHN OF BOUNDS,

OR,

THE COOK'S TALE

OF

GAMELYN.

FROM

CHAUCER.

THE original of the following Tale was first published in Mr. Urry's Edition of Chaucer, in the year 1721; and seven years after the death of the Editor which happened in 1714, soon after he had published Proposals for a Subscription to a new Edition of the works of Chaucer, in which he promised three additional Tales, and of these nobody doubts but the following was one. He assures us that he had found it in so many Manuscripts, that there was

no reason to hesitate about its being genuine. It is perhaps not in Chaucer's best stile, but it seemed not unworthy of a place in the present Miscellany, among other Translations from this celebrated Poet, both because it is believed by several Commentators on Shakespeare, particularly Dr. Gray and Mr. Upton, to have been the origin of the beautiful Comedy "*As you like it*" and likewise because, except the Miller's Tale, which is inferior to this, it is perhaps the only Old English Story in the whole Collection; the rest being either visions translations from foreign Authors, or the scenes of them laid in Foreign Countries. The original is in short stanzas of eight and six syllables consisting of four lines each, and it is probably, the longest Poem of this kind in the English language. That the Translation might be the more exact, the same measure has been followed; it has likewise been endeavoured to preserve the original turn of expression, as far as the difference of Language would permit and even to retain such of the old words, as being to be met with in Shakespeare and Milton, are still generally understood, that the Poem might not entirely lose its air of antiquity: and it probably conveys some historical anecdotes, not to be met with in any other author.

SIR JOHN OF BOUNDS:

OR, THE

COOK'S TALE OF GAMELYN.

I.

Now sit ye down, and listen well,
And hearken all aright,
And ye shall hear me tell a Tale,
Of an illustrious Knight.

II.

Brave, courteous, affable and free,
Sir John of Bounds his name;
As full of wit and learning he,
As were his Parks of game.

III.

This worthy Knight three Children had,
And each of these a Son,
The younger good, the eldest bad;
Full early he begun.

IV.

Two lov'd their Sire, but he grew worse;
Of him they stood in fear:
For he deserv'd his Father's curse,
As shortly ye shall hear.

[*Stanza IV.* "As shortly you shall hear."]
The fourth Stanza runs thus in Chaucer,

His Brother in lov'd their Fadir,
And of him were aghast;
Th' eldist deserv'd his Fadir's curse,
And had it at the last:

From the sense of which the Translator thought himself, in some measure obliged to depart, in order to keep up the probability of the story. For whatever the eldest son might have done in his Father's life time (of which the Tale makes no mention) it

will presently be seen that, so far from having "his Fadir's curse at the last," his Father left him the Family—Estate; and, except in one general reflection, dictated by affection to his youngest Son, and which applied no more to the Eldest, than to any other person in the same situation, he seems to have made no distinction between the Brothers.

V.

Sir John of Bounds, that honor'd name,
Fell sick, when full of age;
And Death, at length approaching, came
To call him off the stage.

VI.

Then was he press'd with anxious care,
Afflicted as he lay,
How with his Children it might fare,
Himself thus call'd away.

VII.

He could the three of much provide,
For Husband he was none;
And his Estates, extending wide,
Were bought by him alone.

VIII.

Much he desir'd, so to bequeath
His wealth amongst them all,
That he might please them ere his death,
Which now must soon befall.

IX.

So, to the Country, straight he sent
For wise and worthy men,
Entreating them, with one assent
To give assistance then.

X.

He wrote the Knights around, that so
They might make haste to come,
And deal his Lands, ere he should go
To his eternal home.

XI.

These Knights with sorrow were oppress'd
To hear how griev'd he lay;
Nor found they comfort, peace nor rest,
By night, nor yet by day.

XII.

Till all arriv'd, as one conjoin'd,
Where he lay sick and still,
Upon his bed of death, resign'd
To his Creator's will.

XIII.

My lords, said then this worthy Knight,
Afflicted as he lay,
My eyes must shortly lose the light,
And none can say them nay.

XIV.

To me, no more, from life is giv'n,
New joy with Friends to have;
But by th' all-pow'rful will of Heav'n,
Death draws me to my grave.

XV.

There was no one that stood around,
Who heard his voice aright,
But was in floods of sorrow drown'd,
For this redoubted Knight.

XVI.

And said, Sir, for your Maker's love.
Be you no ways, dismay'd;
His goodness may these ills remove,
In which you long have laid.

XVII.

This worthy Knight thus answer'd then,
Afflicted as he lay,
Heav'n still may give relief to men
Should all the world say nay.

XVIII.

But you I beg, that round me stand,
By your long love to me,
Now to divide my goods and land,
Among my Children three.

XIX.

And, Friends, I pray for Love divine,
Divide them not amiss;
Forget ye not my Gamelyn,
My youngest Son that is.

XX.

Be mindful of this rising youth,
As much as of that other;
For seldom have ye seen, in truth,
An Heir assist his Brother.

XXI.

He said, they left, with one consent,
The Knight they could not heal,
And to another chamber went
His large estates to deal.

XXII.

At first it was their only thought,
To give the whole to one,
And let poor Gamelyn have nought
Who was the youngest son.

XXIII.

But they the land divided have
Between the eldest two,
That so young Gamelyn the brave
Without estate might go.

XXIV.

Then each to his next neighbour said,
Full loud, that all might hear,
His Brother's sure would give him bread,
Of him there was no fear.

XXV.

So they returned, the business o'er,
As all them judg'd aright,
And took the stand they left before,
Around the dying Knight.

XXVI.

Declar'd to him, each in his way,
How they the matter wrought;
But he, good Knight, tho' sick he lay,
Was wroth, and lik'd it not.

XXVII.

Then said this Knight, in angry tone,
By Martin the divine,
For all that ye, this hour have done,
The lands and goods are mine.

XXVIII.

For love of Heav'n, my neighbours stand
Each in his station still,
And hear me now divide my land
According to my will.

XXIX.

To John, my first Son, come of age,
Five plows of land I leave,
That were my Father's heritage,
And them I freely give.

XXX.

I likewise leave my second Son
Five plows of fertile land,
Of land that I myself have won,
By strength of my right hand.

XXXI.

And ev'ry purchase more of mine,
Of houses, or of ground,
I give my dear Son Gamelyn,
With all my steeds around.

XXXII.

And I, good neighbours, much request
You, learned in the law,
For love of him, that this bequest
May stand without a flaw.

XXXIII.

Thus his last will the Knight has made,
And giv'n his wealth away,
While yet, upon his dying bed,
Distress'd and sick he lay.

XXXIV.

Still as a stone he then became,
And, at his time expir'd,
At once resign'd his life and name,
As Heav'n's high will requir'd.

XXXV.

But after this good Knight was dead,
And in his grave laid down,
His Eldest Heir, of whom we said,
Beguil'd the younger Son.

XXXVI.

He took possession of his lands,
His goods and ev'ry steed;
The boy himself, in his own hands,
He kept, to clothe and feed.

XXXVII.

He gave him clothes and also fed,
But of the task was wroth
And soon much worse his fortune made,
His lands and houses both.

XXXVIII.

His parks around, his rising wood,
And nought for him did well;
But still was pleas'd, tho' near in blood,
When they to ruin fell.

XXXIX.

Meanwhile young Gamelyn so long
Liv'd in his Brother's hall,
That, o'er his years, becoming strong,
He soon was fear'd of all.

XL.

Nor was there one around the place,
If he were young or old,
That Gamelyn in wrath would face,
Tho' most accounted bold.

XLI.

One day, stood Gamelyn within
His Brother's garden there;
He rais'd his hand to stroak his chin,
And felt the dawning hair.

XLII.

He thought, of his neglected ground,
That long untill'd had lain,
Of all his oakes decaying round,
And drooping on the plain.

XLIII.

Of his inclosing walls broke down,
His parks of deer bereft,
His warlike steeds entirely gone;
Not one for him was left.

XLIV.

His houses now to ruin brought,
And each unroof'd so long,
That Gamelyn most surely thought,
All his affairs went wrong.

XLV.

Soon after came his Brother in
And walking stately near,
Spake thus to youthful Gamelyn,
What, is our dinner here?

XLVI.

Thus then said he, now wroth indeed,
By Heav'n's own holy Book
Go, fellow, bake if so you need
I shall not be your cook.

XLVII.

How Gamelyn, his Brother said,
To me so speakest thou?
Such words ne'er issu'd from thy head
As thou hast answer'd now.

XLVIII.

In faith, said Gamelyn, and truth,
Before I thought no need;
For, of the wrongs done to my youth,
I ne'er, till now, took heed.

XLIX.

My strong park-walls in ruin lie,
No deer within is left,
Nor horse, nor harnessing have I,
But all is from me reft.

L.

What'er my Sire bequeath'd to me,
At length is gone to shame,
For which, thy Maker's curse to thee,
Tho' Brother John thy name.

LI.

Then thus Sir John declar'd his will
Who was to anger prone,
Ungrateful vagabond stand still,
And hold thy peace anon.

LII.

Of victuals well might'st thou be fond,
And clothing at thine age;
And speaks't thou, idle vagabond,
Of goods, or heritage.

LIII.

To him young Gamelyn then said,
Tho' but a boy was he,
The curse of Heav'n be on his head,
That vagabond calls me.

LIV.

Hold not thy Brother thus in scorn,
Who worse than thee is not;
For, of a Lady, I was born,
And, by a Knight begot.

LV.

Then durst not come to him Sir John,
Nor one foot nearer go,
But call'd his servants ev'ry one,
And straight address'd them so:

LVI.

Come, beat this boy, that ere his prime;
All signs of ill affords,
That he may learn, another time,
To give me better words.

LVII.

To him, in wrath, that instant said,
The young Knight, Gamelyn,
The curse of Heav'n be on thy head,
No Brother art thou mine.

LVIII.

But, should it thus to thee be giv'n,
To beat me without need,
Still may'st thou have the curse of Heav'n,
Altho' thou wert indeed.

LIX.

He said. Sir John his brother braves,
In passion, and in heat;
Then bids his train go fetch their staves,
This Gamelyn to beat.

LX.

But when the men, now lifting high
The staves, return'd anon,
Young Gamelyn, with watchful eye,
Beheld them coming on.

LXI.

As round him now they try to stand,
He boldly fac'd them all,
And, with a pistol in his hand,
Stood right beneath the wall.

LXII.

Then he, the nimblest of young men,
Beginning thence to leap,
Drove all his Brother's menial-train
Before him, in an heap.

LXIII.

He look'd like any Lion wild,
And laid among them so,
That his fierce Brother, thus beguil'd,
Soon judg'd it time to go.

LXIV.

Up to a garret swift he ran,
And shut the door behind:
So, with his pistol, this young man
Made them their feet to find.

LXV.

In some, or love, or pity grew,
Some were of him afraid,
But all from Gamelyn withdrew,
Who then, exulting, said:

LXVI.

Now, Brother, evil be to thee,
For having strife begun,
And yet so soon retir'd from me
Ere either part had won.

LXVII.

Then Gamelyn his Brother sought,
Where he had fled for fear,
And soon beheld him looking out,
From an high window near.

LXVIII.

Come, Brother, bend your steps this way,
Come down, come down, said he,
And I'll instruct you, now to play,
At bucklers, here with me.

LXIX.

His frighted Brother, answ'ring this
Swore by Saint Richard true,
While in your hand that pistol is,
I will not come to you.

LXX.

But, by the Grace of Heav'n, I swear
This instant to make peace,
If you throw down the pistol there,
And now from anger cease.

LXXI.

Young Gamelyn thus answer'd then;
You forc'd me strife to make,
By calling in your menial-train,
With staves my bones to break.

LXXII.

Had I not ris'n, in all my might,
And, by my strong right arm,
Then push'd them off in sudden fright,
I had receiv'd much harm.

LXXIII.

Sir John, deceitful, thus reply'd,
I pray, no more be wroth;
Of harm to you, and I beside,
I surely must be loth.

LXXIV.

Whate'er was done, my Brother dear,
From fondness only sprung,
I wish'd to know if strong you were,
While yet a boy so young.

LXXV.

Then said this Gamelyn, Come down,
And grant a boon to me;
To shew your love, my wishes crown,
And we shall soon agree.

LXXVI.

His Brother feign'd with joy to hear;
He hated his young name,
But of the pistol stood in fear,
And, slow-descending came.

LXXVII.

Now, Brother Gamelyn, said he,
Declare the wish'd-for boon,
And let the blame be thrown on me,
Should I not grant it soon.

LXXVIII.

If now, young Gamelyn reply'd,
You wish indeed for peace,
Be not the boon to me deny'd,
And I from anger cease.

LXXIX.

The goods and lands my Father left,
To me, while yet alive,
If you restore, as you have reft,
We shall no longer strive.

LXXX.

I swear by Heav'n, his Brother said,
To grant your full desire;
The legacies shall now be paid,
And more if you require.

LXXXI.

Your lands, long wasted and untill'd,
I'll cultivate again,
And ev'ry house will soon rebuild,
That presses now the plain.

LXXXII.

He spake, what all must then believe,
But, flatt'ring with his mouth,
His heart's desire was to deceive
The unsuspecting youth.

LXXXIII.

He thought of some perfidious snare,
Poor Gamelyn of none,
But went, and kiss'd his Brother there,
Believing they were one.

LXXXIV.

Alas! for him, who nothing knew
His Brother's treach'rous heart,
Nor his deceitful schemes in view,
When they should thence depart.

LXXXV.

Now sit ye down, and listen well;
Be silent ev'ry tongue,
And ye shall hear a wond'rous Tale
Of Gamelyn the young.

LXXXVI.

It so fell out, that nigh the place,
A wrestling was that ev'n
And there, the victor-youth to grace,
A Ram and Ring were giv'n.

LXXXVII.

And Gamelyn wish'd, in his heart,
That he might thither go,
To prove what, or by strength, or art,
He could in wrestling do.

LXXXVIII.

Now, by Saint Richard the divine,
Pray grant another meed,
Lend me to night, said Gamelyn,
A young, and goodly steed.

LXXXIX.

That is accustom'd spurs to know,
And expert in the race:
For I must now an errand go,
A little from this place.

XC.

Go, said Sir John, and, from the rest
Of steeds, within my stall,
Chuse one yourself, take you the best,
And spare you none of all.

XCI.

My horses, or my harnessing
That there remain beside;
Acquaint me but this only thing,
Where you intend to ride.

XCII.

Said Gamelyn, not distant far,
A wrestling is proclaim'd,
And also, for the Victor there,
A Ram and Ring are nam'd.

XCIII.

Much honor thence would surely spring
To you, to me, to all,
Could I bring home the Ram and Ring
In triumph, to the Hall.

XCIV.

He said. They saddled instant there
A courser smart and fleet,
And tie ty'd fast, a shining pair
Of spurs, around his feet.

XCV.

One foot within the stirrup plac'd,
He mounts his prancing horse,
And to the wrestling green, with haste,
And joy, directs his course.

XCVI.

Soon as young Gamelyn was gone,
And thro' the gate had pass'd,
His treach'rous Brother, false Sir John,
That instant lock'd it fast.

XCVII.

And, impious, pray'd that he, with life,
Might ne'er to him come back,
But that some wrestler in the strife,
Might surely break his neck.

XCVIII.

When now this Gamelyn had rode
To where the wrestling was,
Dismounting from the steed bestrode,
He stood upon the grass.

XCIX.

And there he heard an ancient man,
With doleful voice to sing;
Who lost in sorrow soon began
His wither'd hands to wring.

C.

Good man, said then the pitying youth
What makes you thus to grieve?
Can none, by friendship, love or truth,
Your present woe relieve?

CI.

Alas! this old man answer made,
That ever I was born,
Two valiant Sons I lately had,
And both are from me torn.

CII.

A dreadful champion, on the plain,
Occasion'd all my woe;
For he my warlike sons has slain:
But since Heav'n will'd so.

CIII.

I'd surely give full many a pound,
Tho' with my latest breath,
That one more mighty could be found,
Now to revenge their death.

CIV.

Hold then my horse, the youth reply'd,
If ease you wish from woes,
Till my own servant, here beside,
Come to pull off my shoes.

CV.

Assist him also here to keep
My clothes and my good steed,
While to the wrestling-place I step,
To try how I may speed.

CVI.

Sir, said the man, it is enough,
And be it now my task,
Your shoes myself here to draw off
To do whate'er you ask.

CVII.

And, when you go within the place,
May Heav'n your wrestling speed
And fear you not, or for your dress
Or for your goodly steed.

CVIII.

He said, Ungirt, barefooted went
The youth within the ring,
And all admir'd, with one consent,
What hidden cause could bring.

CIX.

A boy, to venture, in the field,
His but beginning might
Against a Champion fierce, and skill'd.
In wrestling, and in fight.

CX.

Who straight upstarted from his seat,
Impatient for the play;
He ran young Gamelyn to meet,
And thus began to say.

CXI.

Whence com'st thou, with such eager speed,
And who thy luckless Sire?
None trust themselves, but fools indeed,
Against my dreadful ire.

CXII.

Undaunted, to this Champion, then
Young Gamelyn reply'd:
You knew my Sire, the best of men,
Full well before he dy'd:

CXIII.

I swear, upon this place, to thee,
By Martin the divine,
Sir John of Bounds indeed was he,
And I am Gamelyn.

CXIV.

Yes, Fellow, fierce the Champion said,
The truth I still must own;
Before thy Father took his bed,
He was to me well-known:

CXV.

I likewise, Gamelyn, knew thee,
Who ne'er to him gave joy;
While but an Infant on the knee,
Thou wert a wicked Boy.

CXVI.

The youth, with anger, made reply,
By Grace of Heav'n I vow,
As older thou shalt find that I,
Am still more wicked now.

CXVII.

Then said the Champion, growing warm,
Come on, begin the strife,
Approach thou once to my strong arm,
Thou ne'er return'st with life.

CXVIII.

Full-orb'd the moon began to shine,
And far the night was spent
When this strong man, and Gamelyn
Together fiercely went.

CXIX.

The Champion thinks, in their close fight,
To lay the youth at length,
Who stood, collected in his might,
And bid him try his strength.

CXX.

He said, fix'd on the wrestling place,
An equal you have found,
And vain attempt, by fierce embrace,
To bring one to the ground.

CXXI.

But since that I have fully pass'd
So many turns of thine,
Your strength must now be try'd, at last,
By one or two of mine.

CXXII.

He said, in his strong arms to shake
The champion, went anon,
And, of the turns that he could make,
Performing only one.

CXXIII.

Thrown down, on his left side, with harm,
Three ribs at once he broke;
And all the bones of his left arm
Were shatter'd by the stroke.

CXXIV.

Then question'd Gamelyn, in haste,
Addressing him alone,
Shall this be reckon'd as a cast,
Or shall it go for none?

CXXV.

The Champion answer'd thus, by Heav'n
Whatever name it have,
Who once into thy hand is giv'n,
His life shall scarcely save.

CXXVI.

Then said the man, who late possess'd
Two Sons, now from him torn,
Young Gamelyn, O be thou bless'd,
That ever thou wers't born.

CXXVII.

For to the Champion fierce, with truth,
I now may surely say,
This Gamelyn, tho' but a youth,
Has taught thee how to play.

CXXVIII.

The Champion straight reply'd again,
Who was in dismal case,
'Gainst him resistance is in vain,
By all within the place.

CXXIX.

Since I began to wrestle first,
Full many a year is gone,
Yet in the strife, none ever durst
Attempt, what he has done.

CXXX.

In triumph Gamelyn stood there,
Within the ring alone,
And said, let those, who wish, prepare
Against me to come on,

CXXXI.

The Champion heard the words he said,
But all his bones were sore;
And his fall'n visage soon display'd,
That he could strive no more.

CXXXII.

A while stood Gamelyn within
The ring, still as a stone,
Expecting wrestlers to come in,
But there approach'd him none.

CXXXIII.

Not ev'n the brav'st, standing round,
Would risk a second strife,
So dreadful seem'd the Champion s wound,
Who scarce escap'd with life.

CXXXIV.

Two Gentlemen, that own'd the place,
And judg'd the wrestling there,
At length came up (Heav n send them grace)
And thus their will declare:

CXXXV.

Brave Gamelyn, at our command,
Go dress yourself again ;
The strife is o'er, and here you stand
Victorious on the plain.

CXXXVI.

The youth reply'd, triumphing now,
I here come to a Fair,
And have not yet, by Heav'n I vow,
Dispos'd of half my ware.

CXXXVII.

Then said the Champion, from my Soul,
I now may safely swear,
Who buys from you is but a fool,
The goods are sold so dear.

CXXXVIII.

The ancient man made then reply,
Tho' vex'd, and troubled sore,
The price of what you wish'd to buy
You might have guess'd before.

CXXXIX.

By great Saint James, adored in Spain,
Whom many a man has sought,
The goods, you went from him to gain,
Where much too cheaply bought.

CXL.

He said, while those who judg'd the worth
Of them, that wrestling try'd,
To warlike Gamelyn brought forth
The Ram and Ring beside.

CXLI.

Young Gamelyn, elate and gay
Receiv'd the prizes won,
And homeward now directs his way
While bright the morning shone.

CXLII.

His Brother saw, with deep regret,
Him, coming with a train;
He bid the Porter shut the gate,
And keep him on the plain.

CXLIII.

The Porter, mindful of the word,
With equal care and haste,
Ran to the gate, t' obey his Lord,
And instant lock'd it fast.

CXLIV.

Now sit ye down, and listen well,
If ye be young or old,
And ye shall hear another Tale
Of Gamelyn the bold.

CXLV.

Young Gamelyn approach'd the door,
Expecting to come in,
But all in vain; 'twas shut before,
And fasten'd with a pin.

CXLVI.

Good Porter, thus the youth began,
The gate set instant wide;
The son of many a worthy man
Stands waiting at my side.

CXLVII.

Friend Gamelyn the Porter said,
An impious oath he swore,
Of thy return I was afraid
Thou enter'st here no more.

CXLVIII.

'Twas false, said Gamelyn without,
By Heav'n, I will come in:
He smote the wicket with his foot,
And broke away the pin.

CXLIX.

The Porter, seeing how he sped,
Began indeed to fear,
And started off, and instant fled,
Fast as his feet could bear.

CL.

In faith, said Gamelyn, I vow,
That labour goes for nought;
I am on foot as light as thou,
Whate'er by thee was thought.

CLI.

To take revenge as thus he spoke
He chac'd the Porter gone,
Ov'ertook and girt him round the neck,
And broke the solid bone.

CLII.

Then lifting by one arm, he threw
Him headlong in a well
Sev'n hundred fathoms deep, to view,
As now to me they tell.

CLIII.

When Gamelyn, in dreadful sport,
Had ended this sad play,
All those, within his Brother's court,
Withdrew them fast away.

CLIV.

Each trembling servant fear'd him then,
Both for the vengeance wrought,
And also for the goodly train,
That he had thither brought.

CLV.

Then to the Gate went Gamelyn,
The Portals open'd wide,
He let his whole attendants in,
That wish'd to go or ride.

CLVI.

And said, my Friends, I pray, come near,
Why wish'd ye to have gone?
We all are our own masters here,
Without the leave of one.

CLVII.

It was but yesterday that I,
Thus added Gamelyn,
Left, in my Brother's cellars nigh
Five tons of good old wine.

CLVIII.

And I entreat of ev'ry guest;
I beg, with all my soul,
That none of you desert the feast,
Till we drink up the whole.

CLIX.

And, should my Brother once pretend,
Or to disturb our chear,
Or censure us for what we spend
In wine and feasting here.

CLX.

I am the chief Provider still,
I bear the common purse;
To him our banquet taking ill,
Be great Maria's curse.

CLXI.

My Brother all a miser see,
By Heav'n itself I swear;
And we shall spend in mirth, what he,
Has spar'd for many a year.

CLXII.

Whatever man appear to grudge
That in this house we dwell,
He shall go with the Porter lodge,
Down in the deep draw-well.

CLXIII.

For sev'n continu'd days and nights
This young man held his feast,
With pleasure, mirth, and gay delights,
Nor seem'd at all in haste.

CLXIV.

Within a little turret near,
Shut fast his Brother lay,
Beheld his goods go for their chear,
But not a word durst say.

CLXV.

Th' eighth morn, at length, began to shine,
Full early rose the guests,
And came, and said to Gamelyn,
That they must leave his feast.

CLXVI.

And will you, Lords, he said, thus think
So soon from me to hie?
Still half the wine remains to drink
Else I have lost mine eye.

CLXVII.

The youth, at heart, began to grieve,
Oppress'd with rising woe,
When all his cheerful guests took leave,
And begg'd from him to go.

CLXVIII.

He wish'd their stay; but they, within,
Would now no longer dwell,
Pray'd Heav'n to bless young Gamelyn,
And bade him then farewell.

CLXIX.

Thus Gamelyn display'd his feasts,
Well ended, we may say,
And, afterwards, the parting guests
Took leave, to go their way,

CLXX.

Now sit ye down, and listen well,
Be silent ev'ry tongue,
And ye shall hear a stranger tale,
Of Gamelyn the young.

CLXXI.

Lordlings, attend with full consent,
And hearken ev'ry one,
With Gamelyn how matters went,
When all the Guests were gone.

CLXXII.

While he display'd, with merry heart
The feast, of which we spake,
His Brother thought, by treach'rous art,
A sad revenge to take.

CLXXIII.

And when the Guests, so cheerful, all
Away had rode, or gone.
Young Gamelyn stood in the Hall,
Now friendless and alone.

CLXXIV.

And, in short time, it so befell,
He was enclos'd around,
A Pris'ner made, and, truth to tell,
In durance strictly bound.

CLXXV.

Descended then the treach'rous Knight
Down from the garret high;
To his young Brother, in sad plight,
He now drew fearless nigh.

CLXXVI.

And soon to him these words address'd;
Who made thee, wicked boy,
So bold, my household stores to waste,
To spend, and to destroy.

CLXXVII.

Young Gamelyn this answer made,
In anger be you not,
Full many a day pass'd o'er your head,
Since these old stores were bought.

CLXXVIII.

You, Brother, had in your own hand,
By Richard the divine,
Full fifteen plows of fertile land,
These sixteen years of mine.

CLXXIX.

Of this, and of the Beasts by thee,
Or steeds, or cattle, bred,
From those my Father left to me,
When laid on his last bed.

CLXXX.

That sixteen years you've had of mine,
The profits I allow,
For all in vict'als or in wine,
That we have wasted now.

CLXXXI.

To him reply'd the treach'rous knight,
(Much mischief then thought he)
Hear, Brother Gamelyn, aright,
What I will give to thee.

CLXXXII.

Since of my body, listen youth,
Heir I have yet got none,
I will make you my Heir in truth
I swear by great Saint John.

CLXXXIII.

In faith, said Gamelyn, I pray,
If me you so regard,
And, if you think what now you say,
May Heav'n the deed reward!

CLXXXIV.

Nor knew the youth, nor then believ'd.
Ought of his Brother's guile,
But, in short time was thus deceiv'd
By his deluding smile.

CLXXXV.

One thing yet, Gamelyn, he said,
To you I needs must tell:
When you threw down my Porter dead,
Into the deep draw-well.

CLXXXVI.

I swore unthinking at the time,
In wrath, and dreadful haste,
That you should be, for this sad crime,
Both hand and foot bound fast.

CLXXXVII.

And leave me not, I pray, forlorn:
Let me not grieve at heart,
That I should be in this forsworn,
As thou my Brother art.

CLXXXVIII.

But, Gamelyn, permit me now
To bind thee hand and foot,
That I may thus perform the vow
I swore should be made out.

CLXXXIX.

Then thus the youth declar'd his thought.
May good so come to thee,
Thou shall not be for sworn in ought
For love bestow'd on me.

CXC.

Then straight young Gamelyn they made
To sit, nor durst he stand,
Till those around, himself betray'd,
Had bound him foot and hand.

CXCI.

The treach'rous Knight still in his mind,
Of him stood much in fear,
And sent for fetters strong to bind,
His hapless Brother there.

CXCII.

Told lies of him, as he stood in
This woeful plight. so bad,
And said to those, who came within
That Gamelyn was mad.

CXCIII.

Bound to a post, in dismal state,
Was he, within the Hall,
That those, who came, might know his fate,
And look upon him all.

CXCIV.

Thus youthful Gamelyn alone
Stood ever bolt upright,
But food or drink receiv'd he none,
By day, nor yet by night.

CXCV.

Then to himself said Gamelyn,
And swore by his own heart
I well discover, Brother mine,
That thou a Traitor art.

CXCVI.

Had I but known the treach'rous harm
Against me now design'd,
They should have felt the strengthful arm
Of him, they came to bind.

CXCVII.

But he was forc'd to stand thus bound,
And still as any stone,
While two long days and nights went round,
And food or drink had none.

CXCVIII.

Then said at last this Gamelyn,
Where he was fetter'd strong;
Now, Adam Spencer, friend of mine,
Methinks I fast too long.

CXCIX

Wherefore I beg you now to prove
A Friend indeed to me;
Much I entreat, for that long love
My Father shew'd to thee.

CC.

If you can find where lie the keys,
Unbind me foot and hand,
And I will straight, if you release,
Divide with you my land.

CCI.

This Adam Spencer made reply
To him dejected seen,
Your Brother's faithful servant I,
Full sixteen years have been.

CCII.

And should I let you thus away
From forth his castle here,
He afterwards would surely say
That I a Traitor were.

CCIII.

Said Gamelyn, may I my mind
So keep, while thus bound fast,
As you my Brother sure will find
False-hearted at the last.

CCIV.

And therefore, Brother Adam, now
Unbind me foot and hand,
And I will straight on you bestow
Part of my own free land.

CCV.

Since you so good a promise make
Said Adam, surely I,
Whate'er I can, must undertake
That we from hence may fly.

CCVI.

Good Adam, Gamelyn, then said,
May I thus only thrive,
As I shall keep th' agreement made,
If sav'd by you alive.

CCVII.

Now in short time, when Adam's Lord
To bed was surely gone,
He takes the keys, he minds the word,
And frees the youth anon.

CCVIII.

Unlocks, from Gamelyn, the chains,
That bound his feet and hands,
In hopes t' obtain the promis'd gains,
A portion of his lands.

CCIX.

Then said young Gamelyn, well-pleas'd,
Now thanks to highest Heav'n,
That thus, my feet and hands releas'd,
Relief to me is giv'n.

CCX.

Had I some little food and drink,
Whence to restore my might
None are there, in this house, I think
That should bind me to night.

CCXI.

Then Adam, silent as a stone,
Brought Gamelyn from where
He stood, into a room anon,
Kept for provisions there.

CCXII.

And private now, with much good will,
A supper he display'd,
And bid him eat, and take his fill,
And Gamelyn obey'd.

CCXIII.

When all was o'er when Gamelyn
His hunger had appeas'd,
And drank besides of good red wine
As much as e'er he pleas'd.

CCXIV.

What further would you now advise
The youth to Adam said;
Shall I go where my Brother lies,
And there twist off his head?

CCXV.

No, Gamelyn, said Adam true,
You shall not do such ill;
But somewhat I'll creed to you,
That may be worth you while.

CCXVI.

And what I say will soon appear;
The day's already fix'd:
For we shall have a feasting here,
Exact on Sunday next.

CCXVII.

Of Abbots and of Priors then
Full many will there be;
Of holy church too other men
As I make sure to thee.

CCXVIII.

Still by the post you shall remain,
As fetter'd fast enough;
But I will leave unlock'd each chain
That you may cast them off.

CCXIX.

And when th' assembled guests have eat,
And also wash'd their hands,
You shall beseech, and much entreat
Them all, to loose your bands.

CCXX.

If they to your request agree,
Much pleasure we should have;
For this would you from prison free,
And me from censure save.

CCXXI.

But, if all present should refuse
To grant the wish'd-for boon,
A different method I shall use,
And that, by Heav'n, right soon.

CCXXII.

A good staff shall to you be giv'n,
And I will have another
And be to him the curse of Heav'n,
That then deserts the other.

CCXXIII.

Said Gamelyn, if I desert
The counsel giv'n by thee,
Or, if I fail in any part,
May mischief come to me.

CCXXIV.

But lest we should, unwilling, then
Acquit them of their sin,
Pray warn me, Brother Adam, when
'Tis time we should begin.

CCXXV.

Said Adam, Gamelyn, I swear,
By Charity, to give
To you sufficient warning, ere
Th' appointed time arrive.

CCXXVI.

Be surely gone, mark what I say,
When I shall wink on thee,
Cast then the fetters fast away,
And instant come to me.

CCXXVII.

Now, Adam, answer'd Gamelyn,
Thy Bones Heav'n ever bless!
For this good counsel, giv'n of thine,
It were great loss to miss.

CCXXVIII.

If they refuse t' unbind at length
Each chain, that round me twines,
I sure shall give, with all my strength,
Good strokes athwart their loins.

CCXXIX.

When now the Sunday was come in,
These folks attend the feast,
And they were welcom'd all within
The greatest and the least.

CCXXX.

And each of them, as he came by,
When ent'ring the Hall door,
On Gamelyn still cast an eye,
Now standing as before.

CCXXXI.

And the false knight his Brother, there,
So full of dark deceit,
To all th' assembled guests, that were
Partakers of the treat.

CCXXXII.

Of youthful Gamelyn then told
All tales of harm and shame,
That e'er his mouth was fit to hold,
Or he could think to name.

CCXXXIII.

But when to them was service brought,
Or messes two or three,
Thus Gamelyn declar'd his thought;
How think ye to serve me?

CCXXXIV.

Sad service I most surely bear,
By him, that all has made,
If I must still sit fasting here
While other men make glad.

CCXXXV.

His Brother then, so treach'rous found,
There as he stood within,
Told all his present guests around,
That mad was Gamelyn.

CCXXXVI.

Meantime the youth stood constant still,
And to him answer'd not,
But Adam's words, with much good will,
Kept always in his thought.

CCXXXVII.

At length he thus began to say,
With doleful voice, to all
These Lords so great, so glad and gay,
Who sat within the Hall;

CCXXXVIII.

My Lordlings, now attend to me,
For love of Christ divine,
And, from this prison, help to free
Unhappy Gamelyn.

CCXXXIX.

To him an Abbot straight reply'd
(Upon his cheek be woe)
The curse of Christ he shall abide,
And great Maria's too.

CCXL.

That here, from out this prison, thee
Shall either beg or bail,
But ever worthy they shall be,
That you with pains assail.

CCXLI.

And when that Abbot so had said,
Straight answer'd him another;
I surely wish, off were thy head,
Altho' thou wert my Brother.

CCXLII.

Whatever man gives bail to thee,
Much evil him befall;
And so said all that chanc'd to be
Then present in the Hall.

CCXLIII.

Now spake to him a Prior there,
(O may he never thrive!)
'Tis, Boy, to me great grief and care,
That thou art yet alive.

CCXLIV.

On, on, made Gamelyn reply.
Unhurt my ev'ry bone,
As well be kept, as I espy,
That friends I have got none.

CCXLV.

Accurs'd be they, both one and all,
Throughout their flesh and blood,
That e'er to Pri'rs, or Abbots shall
Dispense the smallest good.

CCXLVI.

But Adam Spencer now came in
To take away the cloth,
And look'd upon young Gamelyn,
And saw that he was wroth.

CCXLVII.

Of pantry then, or feasting made,
This Adam little thought
But two good staves, as he had said,
To the Hall door he brought.

CCXLVIII.

Adam on Gamelyn look'd fast,
And he observ'd him so;
Away the chains that instant cast,
And off began to go.

CCXLIX.

He straight came out to Adam then,
One staff in hand he took
And, working well among the men,
Good strokes around him strook:

CCL.

The youth return'd within the Hall,
And Adam Spencer both;
They look'd about, and ever all,
And seem'd as they were wroth.

CCLI.

Such holy water was bestow'd,
From his good oaken spire,
By Gamelyn, that some who stood,
Fell back into the fire.

CCLII.

There was no Layman there within,
Now standing in the Hall,
But wish'd much good to Gamelyn,
Nor would harm him at all.

CCLIII.

They left their comrades in the lurch,
And let the two fall on,
And for these men of holy church,
Show'd love or pity none.

CCLIV.

Of Abbots, and of Priors, all,
Of Monks and Cannons too,
That Gamelyn could thus enthrall,
He instant overthrew.

CCLV.

Of all present the guests, were none
That with his good staff met,
But he took care to bring them down,
Thus quitting them his debt.

CCLVI.

To Gamelyn then Adam said,
By charity I swear,
Let their deliv'ry well be paid,
So love to me you bear.

CCLVII.

And I will keep the door full fast,
May I so hear the mass,
That, till you've quitted ev'n the last,
Nor one of them shall pass.

CCLVIII.

Said Gamelyn, of nothing doubt,
While we together join
But keep you well the door without,
And I will work within.

CCLIX.

Bestir thee, Adam, mind the charge
To fly permit them not,
And we shall shortly tell at large,
How many here are got.

CCLX.

To Gamelyn said Adam there,
Do all to them but good;
But since of holy church they are,
Forbear to draw their blood:

CCLXI.

Save well their crowns, I you bespeak,
Their heads be free from harms,
But both their legs take care to break,
And spare you not their arms.

CCLXII.

Thus Gamelyn and Adam play'd:
They wrought their work full fast,
And, in such case, the monks display'd
As made them all aghast.

CCLXIII.

There riding they were seen to come
All jollily with swains,
But from the treat, were carry'd home,
Distress'd in carts and wains.

CCLXIV.

When the whole matter finished was,
Thus spake a Friar gay;
My Lord Abbot, alas! alas!
What brought us here to day?

CCLXV.

That here we came, a feast so shar'd,
The plan was wrong indeed;
At home, far better we had far'd
With water and with bread.

CCLXVI.

While Gamelyn his blows bestow'd,
And Monks and Fri'rs engag'd
Quite still his Brother constant stood
But vex'd and much enrag'd.

CCLXVII.

The youth observ'd him in his heats,
Lifts high the staff he knew,
Full on the neck his Brother greets,
And instant overthrew.

CCLXVIII.

Above his girdle dealt its weight,
The collar bone broke o'er,
And set him in the fetters straight,
Where he had sat before.

CCLXIX.

Now, Brother John, sit as thou art,
Said youthful Gamelyn.
Till thy hot body cool at heart,
As lately I cool'd mine.

CCLXX.

And soon as they so well had wrought,
On all the guests their fun,
They ask'd for water to be brought,
And wash'd themselves anon.

CCLXXI.

Then, some obeying them for love
And some because of fear,
The servants with each other strove,
Who best should give them chear.

CCLXXII.

The Sherriff at small distance stay'd,
But five miles from the place,
And all to him was certain made,
Within a little space.

CCLXXIII.

How Gamelyn and Adam then,
Had done a wicked thing.
Had bound and wounded many men;
'Gainst peace of the good King.

CCLXXIV.

And soon the two began to find
That strife was now awake;
The Sherriff ponder'd in his mind,
How Gamelyn to take.

CCLXXV.

But sit ye down, and listen well,
Heav'n give you so good end,
Of Gamelyn a merry Tale,
To hear, if you attend.

CCLXXVI.

Now four and twenty youthful men,
Who held themselves full bold,
Came to the Country—Sherriff then,
And soon to him they told.

CCLXXVII.

That Gamelyn and Adam too,
They'd take and bring away:
The Sherriff gave them leave to do
What now to you I say.

CCLXXVIII.

Away these young men instant set
Nor would they stop at all,
Till they came to his Brother's gate,
This Gamelyn t' enthrall.

CCLXXIX.

Upon the gate then knock'd the whole;
The Porter he was nigh,
Within he look'd out at an hole,
A cunning man and sly.

CCLXXX.

To see them there he stood unmov'd,
But for a little while:
Full well young Gamelyn he lov'd,
And was afraid of guile.

CCLXXXI.

He let the wicket stand fast shut,
Just as it was, and still,
And ask'd of those who stood without,
What was, with him, their will?

CCLXXXII.

Of all the company so great,
One only made reply,
Make, Porter, haste, undo the gate,
For in we wish to hie.

CCLXXXIII.

Then said to them the Porter bold,
May I so keep my chin,
Your errand must to me be told
Before that ye come in.

CCLXXXIV.

To Gamelyn and Adam say,
If willing so they be,
That here we wish to speak, said they,
With them two words or three.

CCLXXXV.

Fellows, the Porter answer'd so,
Stand where you are, quite still,
And I to Gamelyn will go,
To know what is his will.

CCLXXXVI.

The Porter instant went away,
To Gamelyn within,
And, Sir, he thus began to say,
Without are foes of thine.

CCLXXVII.

For lo! the Sherriff's men now stand,
In numbers, at the gate,
And they will take you both in hand,
Nor can you, scape your fate.

CCLXXXVIII.

You, Porter, Gamelyn then said,
May good so come to thee,
Shall, for your words, full well be paid,
When proper time I see.

CCLXXXIX.

Return good Porter, to the gate,
And stay with them awhile,
And soon you'll see, when there you wait,
An unexpected wile.

CCXC.

Adam, said Gamelyn, prepare
And look thee to be gone;
Just at the gate, our foes now are,
And friends we have not one.

CCXCI.

The Sherriff's men, we thus forlorn,
At length are hither come,
And they have all together sworn,
To take us here at home.

CCXCII.

Then Adam thus declar'd his thought;
To stir thee now prepare,
And if, this day, I fail thee ought,
May I full evil fare.

CCXCIII.

And we shall such a welcome take
Of all the Sherriff's men
That some of them, I trow, will make
Their beds within the fen.

CCXCIV.

Then instant thro' the postern gate,
Out went young Gamelyn,
And there a sturdy cart-staff straight,
He took his hand within.

CCXCV.

Nor ought has Adam Spencer miss'd;
A great staff too he took,
Thus youthful Gamelyn t' assist,
And soon good strokes he strook.

CCXCVI.

Two Adam's weighty cudgel meet,
The youth made three to lie,
He next on earth set fast his feet,
And off began to fly.

CCXCVII.

What? said Adam Spencer then.
So ever hear I mass,
Good wine I have for all you men,
Pray drink before you pass.

CCXCVIII.

No! nó! said they; by Heav'n, thy drink
Appears in nothing good;
'Twould make the brain of man, we think,
To lie within his hood.

CCXCIX.

Still Gamelyn remain'd at home,
He look'd him all about,
And said, behold the Sherriff come
With an attending rout.

CCC.

Now, Adam Spencer, added he,
My present counsel is
That in this house, no longer we,
Stay, lest we fare amiss.

CCCI.

But, to the wood, direct our course,
Before that we be found;
Better to go, than thus, by force,
Within the town be bound.

CCCII.

Then Adam, instant took the hand
Of this young Gamelyn,
And to each other, as they stand,
They drank a draught of wine.

CCCIII.

And afterwards depart in haste,
Were, in a moment gone,
And thus the Sherriff found the nest,
But in it, there were none.

CCCIV.

He straight dismounted from his steed,
Then to the Hall went in,
And found the Lord full fast indeed
In fetters, there within.

CCCV.

His steps to him the Sherriff bent,
Unfetter'd him anon,
And for a go d Physician sent,
To heal his collar bone

CCCVI.

But leave we now this treach'rous Knight,
Oppress'd with pain and care,
Of Gamelyn pursue the flight,
And look how he may fare.

CCCVII.

The youth. arriv'd in the wild wood,
Walk'd slowly thro' the place,
And Adam Spencer by him stood,
But he lik'd not his ease.

CCCVIII.

To Gamelyn, by Richard great,
He swore with much good will,
Far better surely were my fate,
To be a Butler still.

CCCIX.

Much rather I had staid at home,
The household keys to bear,
Than walk in this wild wood, and come,
Thus all my clothes to tear.

CCCX.

Adam, young Gamelyn began,
Dismay thee not, in ought,
The child of many a worthy man
Has been to trouble brought.

CCCXI.

While, in the wood, they stand or walk,
And kept each other by,
Attentive Adam heard men talk,
And thought that they were nigh.

CCCXII.

The youth, beneath the wild wood, then,
Turning his eyes around,
Soon full sev'n score of strong young men,
Whom well equipt he found.

CCCXIII.

They sat at meat, and there display'd
A circle all about:
Now, Adam, Gamelyn then said,
Have you no farther doubt.

CCCXIV.

For, after sorrow, oft comes good,
Thro' Heav'n's unbounded might;
And we, methinks of drink and food,
At length, have got a sight.

CCCXV.

He said, and Adam Spencer straight
Look'd well beneath the trees,
And soon the entertainment set,
With joyful heart he sees.

CCCXVI.

For now he hop'd in Heav'n, no more
To want his usual fare,
And he was faint, and long'd full sore
A plenteous meal to share.

CCCXVII.

The master-outlaw, straight in view,
As he that word had said,
Saw Gamelyn and Adam too,
Beneath the green-wood shade.

CCCXVIII.

And his young men addressing there,
Lo! by the holy rood,
Of guests, he said, I am aware,
Pray Heav'n to send us good.

CCCXIX.

Look! yonder are two youthful men,
Well dress'd and full in sight,
And more, perhaps, may now be seen,
By those who look aright.

CCCXX.

Then rise up quick, my young men all,
And fetch them here to me;
For it is good, whate'er befall,
We know what sort they be.

CCCXXI.

They started up at this command,
Swift, from their dinner set,
And soon with Gamelyn at hand,
And Adam Spencer met.

CCCXXII.

And, when they had approach'd them near,
One straight address'd them thus,
Young men, your bows and arrows here
Surrender now to us.

CCCXXIII.

Then Gamelyn to him reply'd,
The youngest of the two;
Great sorrow may they still abide,
That aught give up to you.

CCCXXIV.

To others I'll do nothing bad,
But right myself will see,
Tho' to your number five you add,
And then full twelve ye be.

CCCXXV.

His words discover'd to the men,
Great might was in his arm,
And there were none of all the train,
That wish'd to do him harm.

CCCXXVI.

But mildly thus their minds declare,
With gentle voice, and still;
Come then before our master there,
And say to him your will.

CCCXXVII.

Young men, said Gamelyn to this,
Upon your honors all,
Assure me first, what man he is,
Whom you your master call.

CCCXXVIII.

Then all at once this answer made,
Without deceit around;
Our master, as the King and head
Of outlaws, here is crown'd.

CCCXXIX.

Adam, said Gamelyn, I think,
That we, in Heav'ns own name,
Should go, and he nor food, nor drink,
Will keep from us for shame.

CCCXXX.

If he be gen'rous in his mind.
And come of noble blood,
We food and drink from him will find,
And he may do us good.

CCCXXXI.

Said Adam. by Saint James, I must,
Tho' harm I should receive,
Myself among these strangers trust,
If food to me they give.

CCCXXXII.

Now Gamelyn and Adam went,
Together, without fear;
And both salute with one consent,
Him, found the master there.

CCCXXXIII.

And thus the king of outlaws then
Address'd them as they stood;
What seek ye here ye youthful men,
Beneath the shady wood?

CCCXXXIV.

Young Gamelyn this answer made,
To him, who wore the crown;
He needs must walk in wood and shade,
Who dares not walk in town:

CCCXXXV.

And, Sire, no mischief we designed
To one, by walking here;
But, if perhaps we so should find
To shoot a flying deer.

CCCXXXVI.

As men that are most hungry made;
For here we get no food,
And very hard have been bestead,
Beneath the pathless wood.

CCCXXXVII.

The master, from the words he said
Felt pity for the two,
And, ye shall have this answer made,
Enough, as Heav'n, is true.

CCCXXXVIII.

And soon he bade them, with good will,
Sit down to take their rest,
And likewise eat and drink their fill
Of what, was there the best.

CCCXXXIX.

While at this entertainment found,
In feasting they combine,
Each to his neighbour said around,
This is young Gamelyn.

CCCXL.

The king was call'd, for all agree,
A council then to name
And told that Gamelyn was he,
Who just now, thither came.

CCCXLI.

And soon as he knew from his men,
That thus it could befall,
He Gamelyn made master then
Next to himself of all.

CCCXLII.

Within the third week after this,
Good news to him they bring,
That of these outlaws master is
And call'd by them their king.

CCCXLIII.

That he might safely venture home,
Because his peace was made,
And, of these joyful tidings come,
He shew'd himself most glad.

CCCXLIV.

To his young men thus then said he,
The truth I now must tell,
Good news, at length, are come to me,
And here no more I dwell.

CCCXLV.

Now youthful Gamelyn, these men
Before them, instant bring,
Made him of outlaws master then
And crown'd him as their king.

CCCXLVI.

So this young Gamelyn was crown'd,
The king of outlaws stood,
And walk'd awhile 'mong them around,
Beneath the shady wood.

CCCXLVII.

But the false knight, his Brother sate
Now Sherriff of the shire,
And Gamelyn endited straight,
From hatred and from ire.

CCCXLVIII.

All his young men soon heard the word,
Were griev'd, and nothing glad,
To learn of Gamelyn, their Lord,
Wolf's head proclaim'd and made.

CCCXLIX.

And how his Brother had sent out,
To seek young Gamelyn,
To search the country all about,
And this dark wood within.

CCCL.

All his young men each other left,
To tell him the report,
That he was thus of good bereft,
And soon to him resort.

CCCLI.

And soon as Gamelyn was found
They kneel'd, to tell the word,
Pull'd off their hoods, and thus around,
Salute their youthful Lord.

CCCLII.

And, Sire, they said, enrage thee not:
Now, by the holy rood,
Tho' we to you have tidings brought,
That are in nothing good.

CCCLIII.

Your Brother now is Sherriff made,
He Governor is nam'd,
And he has an enditement laid,
And you wolf's head proclaim'd.

CCCLIV.

Alas! thus Gamelyn then spake
Why was so little done
To him? would I had broke his neck,
And sav'd his collar-bone.

CCCLV.

Let each of you, that husband is
Go home to greet his wife;
At the next shire I'll answer this,
If God so give me life.

CCCLVI.

Then Gamelyn prepar'd aright,
Just as he said the word,
And soon arriv'd where the false knight
Both Sherriff was and Lord.

CCCLVII.

The youth advanc'd, with boldness then
Into the judgment-hall,
And put his hood off, 'mong the men
Then there seem'd lordlings all.

CCCLVIII.

God save you, lordlings all, he said,
That here assembled are!
But, broke-back, now the Sherriff made,
Full evil may'st thou fare,

CCCLIX.

Why hast thou, Traitor, done to me,
Such villainy and shame,
To let me thus endited be,
And me wolf's head proclaim?

CCCLX.

Then thought the false knight, now well-pleas'd
Revenge on him to wreak
And let young Gamelyn be seiz'd,
Who not a word durst speak.

CCCLXI.

Nor more found pardon he, nor grace,
But Gamelyn, at last,
Was thus imprison'd in the place;
And fetter'd there full fast.

CCCLXII.

This Gamelyn a Brother has,
Well-known and nam'd Sir Ote;
As good and kind a knight he was,
As ever walk'd on foot.

CCCLXIII.

A messenger, who wish'd him well,
Went straight to this good knight,
And told him all the dismal tale
Of Gamelyn's sad plight.

CCCLXIV.

Soon as Sir Ote, from him, had known,
How Gamelyn was bound.
He was in pain and sorrow thrown,
Nor joy, nor pleasure found.

CCCLXV.

He caus'd them saddle straight, a steed,
The way, he knew to name,
Set instant off, and soon, well speed
To his two Brethren came.

CCCLXVI.

Sir, said Sir Ote, addressing there,
Him, Sherriff he could see,
Think well; we but three Brothers are,
Nor more shall ever be.

CCCLXVII.

And you have thrown in prison now,
The best among us all;
Another Brother, such as thou,
Much evil him befall!

CCCLXVIII.

Sir Ote, the false Knight answer made,
Recall thy fruitless curse;
By Heav'ns, for these sad words you said,
He soon shall fare the worse.

CCCLXIX.

For, to the King's own prison, him
I lawfully commit,
And there he must abide the time
The Justice here shall sit.

CCCLXX.

Reply'd Sir Ote, I shall not fail,
Since better cannot be,
Most surely then, to give him bail,
Which you must grant to me.

CCCLXXI.

Till the next sitting here, of thine,
Come for deliverance;
And fairly then let Gamelyn,
Stand forth, and take his chance.

CCCLXXII.

Brother, since you so forward are,
I give him up to thee,
And by thy Father's soul I swear,
That thee begat and me.

CCCLXXIII.

If he shall fail at all to come,
Against the justice sit,
Thyself shall bear the threaten'd doom,
For all thy wond'rous wit.

CCCLXXIV.

Sir Ote reply'd, consent I must
That thus the matter be;
So let him straight be giv'n in trust,
Hence to depart with me.

CCCLXXV.

Then Gamelyn was by the knight,
Giv'n to Sir Ote his Brother,
And they together stay'd that night
Companions for each other.

CCCLXXVI.

But in the morning, said the youth,
To this Sir Ote so good,
I now, my Brother, must in truth,
Go from thee to the wood.

CCCLXXVII.

To learn how all my young men fare,
That lead in woods, their life,
And whether they be living there,
In pleasure, or in strife.

CCCLXXVIII.

By Heav'n it is a wrong design,
Sir Ote this answer made;
For thus shall ev'ry care of thine
Fall heavy on my head.

CCCLXXIX.

And when the Justice next shall sit,
Should you not then be found,
I must be taken, and submit,
For you, here to be bound.

CCCLXXX.

Brother, said Gamelyn again,
Dismay thee not in aught;
For, by Saint James ador'd in Spain
Whom many a man has sought,

CCCLXXXI.

If so that Heav'ns almighty hand
Preserve my life and wit,
I shall be ready here to stand,
Against the justice seat.

CCCLXXXII.

Then thus Sir Ote reply'd to him,
God shield thee still from shame!
Return to me at your own time,
And bring us out of blame.

CCCLXXXIII.

Now sit ye down, and listen well,
And hold yourselves quite still,
And ye shall hear, at last, the tale,
How he got all his will.

CCCLXXXIV.

Young Gamelyn now took his way,
Thro' spreading woods around,
And there the men he priz'd, at play
Among the brushes, found:

CCCLXXXV.

And to his heart much pleasure then,
And joy the sight convey'd,
When he beheld his youthful men,
Beneath the green-wood shade.

CCCLXXXVI.

And Gamelyn began, with them,
Of matters to confer,
And all esteem'd it best of game,
To hear their master there.

CCCLXXXVII.

Then told him of adventures then,
They, in his absence, found
And Gamelyn told them again,
How he had been fast bound.

CCCLXXXVIII.

While Gamelyn was out-law there,
He got of none the curse;
For none, by him, were made to fare,
In aught, at all, the worse.

CCCLXXXIX.

Save Abbots, and save Priors then,
And Monks and Canons all;
For he left nothing to these men,
Where'er to him they fall.

CCCXC.

While these young men, with Gamelyn,
In mirth and pleasure live,
The knight pursues his false design:
Full evil may he thrive!

CCCXCI.

For all this while, he cast about,
Each day behind another,
How best to find such inquest out
As sure would hang his Brother.

CCCXCII.

One day young Gamelyn stood still,
And round him he beheld;
His eyes the copse, and wild woods fill,
Within the pathless field:

CCCXCIII.

He thought, how then his Brother far'd,
Whom he must save from blame,
Of his word pass'd, to be prepar'd
Against the Justice came.

CCCXCIV.

And there resolv'd, now to go home
Without the least delay,
Before the Justice straight to come,
And thus to keep his day.

CCCXCV.

Young men said he I now entreat,
That ye full well prepare;
For when the justice takes his seat,
We all must needs be there.

CCCXCVI.

Since I, you know, am under bail,
Till hence I shall go back;
For me, my Brother, shall I fail,
They will to prison take.

CCCXCVII.

His men reply'd, by great Saint James,
Advise what you think fit,
And whatsoe'er your order claims,
To that we shall submit.

CCCXCVIII.

While on his way went Gamelyn
To where the Justice is,
The false Knight holds the same design,
And he forgets not this.

CCCXCIX.

To bribe the jury-men around,
That they might hang his brother,
And, if the one could not be found,
Most sure to hang the other.

CCCC.

Young Gamelyn come, at his time
From forth the under wood,
And brought his men along with him
So loyal and so good.

CCCCI.

Said Gamelyn, full well I spy
The Justice sits indeed,
Adam, go you before, and try
To know how matters speed.

CCCCII.

Into the hall, at this command,
He went, and looked about,
And lordlings there beheld to stand
Attending great and stout.

CCCCIII.

And the next Brother, good Sir Ote,
In fetters strong and fast;
Then from the hall went Adam out,
Confounded and aghast.

CCCCIV.

To Gamelyn then Adam said,
And to his fellows all,
Fetter'd, Sir Ote to stand is made,
Within the judgment hall.

CCCCV.

If we from Heav'n, the youth reply'd,
May grace and favor claim,
A harder fate he shall abide,
Who brought him to the same.

CCCCVI.

Then Adam Spencer answer made,
Whose locks were hoar and along,
The curse of Heav'n be on his head,
That fetter'd him so strong.

CCCCVII.

And if thou wilt now, Gamelyn,
Perform what I shall say,
Not one, that stands the hall within,
Should bear his head away.

CCCCVIII.

Adam, said Gamelyn again,
We will not so to do;
The guilty shall alone be slain.
The rest allow'd to go.

CCCCIX.

Myself will go into the hall,
To hear the Justice speak,
And on the guilty persons all
My vengeance I will wreak:

CCCCX.

Take care, young men, that none go free,
From forth the door away,
And I will soon the Justice be,
And sentence give to day.

CCCCXI.

Pray Heav'n, at length, to speed me well,
In this, that I commit,
And Adam, mind you not to fail,
But come my clerk to sit.

CCCCXII.

Straight answer'd him his youthful men,
And bade him do his best;
And if, said they, you need us then,
We shall attend in haste:

CCCCXIII.

For we by you shall surely stand,
While 'tis giv'n us to live,
And, work we not at your command,
Let us no hire receive.

CCCCXIV.

Young men, said Gamelyn, to all,
May good so come to me,
As ye a trusty master shall
Find, I will surely be.

CCCCXV.

The Justice now began to hold
His court the hall within,
And straight young Gamelyn full bold
Among them all went in.

CCCCXXVI.

And, from his fetters, caus'd unbind
His Brother, as he stood;
Then thus Sir Ote reveal'd his mind,
Who was so kind and good.

CCCCXVII.

You Gamelyn, had almost staid
Away from me too long;
Already is the sentence made,
That I, for thee, be hung.

CCCCXVIII.

Brother, the youth began to say,
May Heav'n so grant me rest,
As they shall sure be hang'd to day,
Who sit upon the guest.

CCCCXIX.

This death is to the Justice due,
The Judge and the Chief man,
And to our Sherriff Brother too,
By whom the whole began.

CCCCXX.

Then thus addresses Gamelyn
The Justice there he spies;
Now finish'd is this power of thine,
And thou must needs arise.

CCCCXXI.

Thou hast pronounc'd a sentence, that
Would us of life deprive,
But I will sit within thy seat;
And better judgment give.

CCCCXXII.

But still the Justice sat as lord
And rose not to be gone;
Then Gamelyn drew forth his sword,
And sever'd his cheek bone.

CCCCXXIII.

And in his arms, without delay,
Took him, nor more he spoke,
But threw him o'er the bar away,
And his one arm he broke.

CCCCXXIV.

No one, to Gamelyn, durst then
Say ought but what was good,
For fear of his attending train,
That at small distance stood.

CCCCXXV.

Young Gamelyn sat down as Lord,
Within the justice chair,
(And hearken all of this good board,
How he behav'd him there.)

CCCCXXVI.

Sir Ote, his Brother sat by him,
And Adam at his feet;
And when the youth, thus at his time,
Was in the judgement seat.

CCCCXXVII.

He caus'd them fetch the Justice straight
And also his false Brother,
And made them at the bar be set,
The one now with the other.

CCCCXXVIII.

Young Gamelyn, thus sitting then,
Had neither peace nor rest,
Till he enquir'd out all the men,
Who were upon the guest.

C CCCXXIX.

Who sentenc'd had his Brother dear,
Sir Ote, there to be hung,
And till he knew what men they were,
He thought the time full long.

CCCCXXX.

But soon as Gamelyn found out
The whole, both first and last,
He caus'd them every one be brought,
And fetter'd them full fast.

CCCCXXXI.

In open view, before the bar,
To suffer their own laws;
Then said the Justice, with much fear,
The Sherriff is the cause.

CCCCXXXII.

To this false Judge said Gamelyn,
The Judge he made to rise,
The sentence here pronounc'd of thine
Was of the worst assize.

CCCCXXXIII.

Thyself, and thy twelve neighbours nigh
Who were of their false guest,
Shall all to day be hang'd on high,
Heav n grant me so good rest.

CCCCXXXIV.

The Sherriff spake a rueful word
That pierc'd his youthful heart,
Be merciful to me, my lord,
As thou my Brother art.

CCCCXXXV.

Then Gamelyn began to feel
Soft pity touch his breast;
He thought to save his Brother still
And only doom the rest.

CCCCXXXVI.

Wherefore he said, rememb'rest thou
The speech thou spak'st so fair;
If I consent to save thee now,
Shall I be still thine heir?

CCCCXXXVII.

The Sherriff joyful made reply,
Sure as my life you save,
My heir you are, and when I die,
My whole estate shall have.

CCCCXXXVIII.

To end my tale, cut short the rest,
And not to hold you long,
The youth ordain'd another guest
Of his own men so strong.

CCCCXXXIX.

The Justice first, their wrath to prove,
Was hang'd when him they find,
And left by them, with ropes inwove,
To drive before the wind.

CCCCXL.

The twelve false jurymen came next,
To him who grieves be woe!
And by the neck were hang'd and fix'd
A sad, and dismal show!

CCCCXLI.

Thus ended they their faithless strife,
Each paying, with his head,
The crimes committed in a life
Of guilt and folly led.

CCCCXLII.

But good Sir Ote, the second Son,
And Gamelyn so young,
Went to the King, when all was done
With faithful friends and strong.

CCCCXLIII.

They gain'd their peace; it so befell
That each his pardon had,
And good Sir Ote the King lov'd well,
And soon a Justice made.

CCCCXLIV.

And Gamelyn he likewise nam'd
Both in the East and West,
Chief Justice of his forest fam'd,
And Rider there the best.

CCCCXLV.

To all his youthful men, besides,
The King their guilt forgives,
And each to some good office guides,
Which he with joy receives.

CCCCXLVI.

Thus won young Gamelyn th' assize,
House, lands and ev'ry steed,
Revenge him of his enemies,
And quitted them their meed.

CCCCXLVII.

Sir Ote, his Brother, in short time.
Made him besides hi heir,
And Gamelyn then wedded him,
A wife both good and fair.

CCCCXLVIII.

While Heav'n decreed, their lives they join
Much joy together found,
Until at last was Gamelyn
Laid deep beneath the ground.

CCCCXLIX.

And so shall all, who hear this tale,
His fate no man can fly;
God send the told and teller well,
To endless joys on high!

The Translator, by saving the eldest Brother whom Chaucer makes to suffer indiscriminately, with the rest, has ventured to make an alteration in the catastrophe of the foregoing piece. For Gamelyn himself is far from being a perfect character; he had broken the neck of his Brother's Porter, upon no other provocation than obeying his Master's orders, terribly mauled a company of Ecclesiastics only because they refused to set him at liberty, which perhaps was not in their power, without exposing themselves to a criminal prosecution, and afterwards gone on in a practice of robbing every person of

that order, whom he could lay his hands on. Had he added to all this the death of his eldest Brother who, whatever he designed against him, had been able to execute nothing, the whole would have given gave such an appearance of inhumanity to his character, as to make him undeserving of the good fortune he met with in the end. By this means only one Stanza of the original is omitted, the sense of another reversed, and one or two more somewhat altered. The whole consists of just four lines more than in Chaucer. The imperfect Stanzas being supplied from passages of different manuscripts given by Mr. Timothy Thomas in his Preface to the works of that excellent Author. The conclusion, as it now stands, is sufficiently tragical; and for the alteration may likewise be pleaded the authority of Shakespeare, who saves the Usurping Duke in the Play, commonly said to be founded on this Tale.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE:

FROM

CHAUCER.

——————————— my Maistere dere
——— Chaucere, that on the steppis satt
Of rethorike, ———————————
—— Superlative as poeté laureate,
In moralitee, and eloquence ornate,

James I. King of Scotland.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

CANTO I.

In western climes of Italy behold,
Stretch'd at the foot of Vesulus the cold,
A spacious plain, with corn and verdure crown'd:
Where cities rise, and lofty tow'rs abound,
That, from old Fathers their foundations drew;
And many another sight delights the view,
Most pleasing to the eye, well known to fame,
And fair Salucia is the country's name.

A youthful Marquis here was Lord of yore,
As were his worthy Ancestors before;
And faithful, still, obedient to his call
Prov'd all his Lieges whether great or small:
Thus in delight he liv'd and pass'd his time
With pleasure governing the fertile clime;
Through Fortune's favour was belov'd and fear'd
And both by Lords and Commons much rever'd.

He was besides of lineage high, and born
The noblest that fair Lombardy adorn,
In person handsome, strong, of youthful age;
And bless'd with manners that could all engage;
Was courteous, honourable, mild and cool,
Was still discreet his natives realms to rule,
Yet merited in certain matters, blame,
And Walter was the noble Prince's name.

I blame him thus, that he consider'd not
What, in succeeding years, might be his lot,
But pass'd, in lust of joy, his early prime,
And hunting, hawking still employ'd his time;
Nor care, nor other thought had he beside,
Except to make his hours in pleasure glide,
Nor would he think (and that was worst of all)
To wed a wife, whate'er might him befall.

This point his Lieges thought so much of blame,
That, in a body, to their Prince they came,
And one, accounted wiser than the rest
(Or whom his Lord esteem'd, and judg'd the best
T' inform him what th' assembled people meant,
To shew, with eloquence, their full intent)
Obeisance made; and then, approaching near,
Address'd the Marquis as ye now shall hear.

O noble Marquis! well are we assur'd
By your long kindness, and the toils endur'd
For us, in times when peril asks relief,
That we may safely tell our present grief;
Then, of your gentle mind, accept my Lord,
Our mild petition, and attend my word,
While we, with piteous heart, to you complain,
Nor let your ears th' unwilling speech disdain.

In all this matter I have done no more
That what these other men design'd before;
But since my Lord, whom I have lov'd so dear,
Still shews me grace, and lends a fav'ring ear
To my discourse, I dare the better make
Request of audience, sure that you will take
No word amiss, but let our minds have ease,
And then, refuse, or grant us, as you please.

For you, my Lord, are lov'd of us so well,
With all your works that, we may truly tell,
Not one could think, were we to strive for this,
To live in greater than our present bliss,
Save in one point that, should you chuse to grant,
Each care would banish, and supply each want;
Were you to marry, at our fond request,
Your people's hearts would on their Sov'reign rest

Altho' you bow beneath the blissful yoke
That men call wedlock, as I now have spoke,
You do no service in your honour'd house,
But reign the Sov'reign of your wedded spouse;
And think, my Lord, that art so great and wise,
How swiftly passes ev'ry day we rise;
Whether we sleep, or wake, or ride, or run,
Time flies the while, and will abide for none.

And tho' your green youth yet in flow'r appear,
Age unperceiv'd steals, ev'ry day, more near,
Tho' seeming fix'd, and moveless as a stone;
And Death, all menacing, comes slowly on,
That spares no high estate, lets none escape,
But seizes still in many a dreadful shape:
And as we know that all must surely die,
So is that day conceal'd from ev'ry eye.

Then pleas'd accept, of us, our true demand,
That ne'er refus'd t' obey your great command:
Much we entreat, my Lord, your full assent
To this request, made with sincere intent,
That, in short time, you single from the rest
A wife, born of the noblest and the best
Of all the land, and that your subjects deem
To heav'n an honour, and to you the same.

O save us from the dread in which we lie,
And marry, for the sake of Heav'n on high;
For should it so befall, which Gods avert,
That your lov'd Lineage by your death depart;
And that a strange Successor shall obtain
Your Heritage, our griefs must then be vain,
And all our lives in woe, and mis'ry led;
Wherefore we humbly pray you soon to wed.

He said. The Marquis with soft pity mov'd,
Inclin'd to grant the suit of those he lov'd,
And thus reply'd: You now, my people, try
To make me bear the yoke I wish'd to fly;
Much I rejoic'd to be with freedom crown'd,
That in the married state is seldom found,
But, for lost liberty, must then abide
A life of servitude before untry'd.

But since I well perceive the purpose true
And trust your wisdom in whate'er you do,
I give my full and free consent to wed,
Whene'er I find fit partner for my bed;
But that my Spouse should be the people's choice,
As you petition with united voice,
I must refuse, and pray you to give o'er
That suit, nor make th' ungrateful proffer more.

For 'tis well known, that children oft are seen
To change from what their worthy Sires had been;
Endowments come from Heav'n, and are not bought.
By blood of those, that bore us, or begot:
I trust in God, and to his goodness leave
My future Spouse, whome'er I may receive,
Myself to him entirely recommend
Resign'd to what his sacred will may send.

Be mine the task to chuse a proper Wife,
Design'd by Heav'n the Partner of my Life;
But be she high, or low, or rich, or poor,
I charge you, on your lives, to make me sure,
That she will find, in all your words and ways,
From you obedience in her future days,
Be treated well, nor hold at all in scorn,
But as she were an Emp'ror's Daughter born.

And you must swear besides, long as you live,
Never against my choice, to grudge or strive;
And since my Liberty I shall forego
At your request, nor in the point be slow,
I'll surely chuse where'er my heart is plac'd,
And wed the Maid, whom I esteem the best:
So give consent, nor take my words amiss,
And then, I pray you, speak no more of this.

He ceas'd. They swore, with heart and true intent,
To all he said, nor one deny'd assent,
Entreating much that, e'er they went away,
He'd, for his Nuptials, name a certain day:
This all petition'd, and of grace besought;
For still the people fear'd, and kept in thought,
Their Marquis might delay to wed his Wife,
Or yet persist to lead a single Life.

He granted them the day he had design'd
On which, in Wedlock, he would sure be join'd,
And said, he was to this new purpose mov'd,
By the request alone of those he lov'd;
They all, with humble heart, obeisance made,
And grateful thanks on bended knees repaid,
With rev'rence due; and, gaining their intent,
Departed soon, and to their homes they went.

He then commands his officers, in haste,
That they, without delay, prepare the feast,
And to his private Nobles, Knights, and Squires
Such charges gave, as suited his desires;
And cheerful all did what within them lay
To make the treat against th' appointed day;
Each with due diligence, attends the word,
Preparing all in rev'rence to his Lord.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

or,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

Canto II.

Not distant far, from where the dome was plac'd
In which the Prince design'd his nuptial feast,
An Hamlet stood, delightful to the view,
Where those of lower rank their toils pursue;
'Twas there they liv'd together, work'd and slept,
And, for themselves, and for their cattle kept
Fit sustenance, that earth for them produc'd,
And peace and plenty o'er the Land diffus'd.

There dwelt a Man, among these humble swains,
Esteem'd the poorest on the fertile plains;
But oft high Heav'n will send superior grace
To those thought meanest of the human race:
Janicola the Villagers united call
This man they deem'd the poorest of them all;
One Daughter had the swain, a lovely dame,
And Grisild was the beauteous maiden's name.

O'er her enchanting form such graces run,
She seem'd more fair than all beneath the sun,
And humbly bred, in poverty maintain'd,
No lust of pleasure in her bosom reign'd,
She drank the chrystal well, nor tasted wine,
And to such excellence her ways incline,
She try'd the virtuous, and the good to please,
And liv'd in toil, avoiding sloth and ease.

But tho' this Maiden was but young in time,
Yet in the fulness of her virgin-prime,
She had such strength of mind, and chaste desire,
That with due rev'rence for her aged Sire
In all things duteous, good as she was fair,
Him she supported by her tender care;
And, spinning on the field, kept his few sheep,
Nor ceas'd her labour but with ev'ning sleep.

And, when returning homeward oft she brought
Green wholesome herbs that, on the plain, she sought,
Then shred them small, and for their living boil'd,
And made full hard her bed, and daily toil'd;
But, by continu'd care, and free from strife,
She thus preserv'd her poor old Father's life,
With all obedience, and with rev'rence mild,
That e'er a Sire had from a duteous child.

On this poor Damsel, Grisild, sitting by,
The noble Marquis oft would cast his eye,
If he perchance had out a hunting rode,
Or pass'd, at other times, by her abode;
And he beheld her not, with wanton look,
As virtue had his youthful breast forsook,
But musing turn'd his eyes with deepest thought,
And oft her living to remembrance brought:

Commending, in his heart, how she was born
With greater virtues than the Fair adorn,
And still excelling all of equal age;
For tho' such qualities can scarce engage
The thoughtless vulgar, he consider'd right
Her goodness, and her beauty fair to sight,
And thought that, were he e'er dispos'd to wed,
This Maid alone should bless his nuptial bed.

The day of wedding came, but none could find
What Bride the Marquis for himself design'd;
Of which full many a man great marvel made,
And thus, in private, to each other said:
Will not our Prince forget his errors past?
Will he not leave his vanities at last?
Will he not wed, alas! as we believe;
Why should he thus himself and us deceive?

But yet the Marquis causes set in gold
Resplendent jewels, beauteous to behold,
And buckles, clasps, and rings commands to make
Of equal fineness, all for Grisild's sake;
And for the fair attire that she should wear
Took measure of a Maid alike with her
In stature, and all ornaments beside,
That for her wedding day he must provide.

On that same day approach'd the time to dine,
That should behold the Prince in marriage join;
The palace then was dress'd in fair array,
Both hall, and chambers as in sight they lay,
And plenty spread o'er all the lofty dome
Of richest viands 'gainst the Bride should come,
The best that, for the feast, he could command,
From farthest regions of Italian land.

This noble Marquis then, full rich and gay,
With Lords and Ladies, clad in fair array,
That he had ask'd to welcome home the Bride,
And many a great and worthy Knight beside,
With songs, and music of melodious sound
From various instruments that breath'd around,
All to the village straight, of which I told,
Their onward way, in beauteous order hold.

Grisild, I wot, full innocent of thought
That all this gay parade for her was wrought,
Had gone meanwhile, and homeward hastes to bring
A weight of water from the crystal spring;
For she had heard her neighbours frequent say,
This was their Lord's appointed wedding day,
And, in her heart, she wish'd it so might be,
That she the passing show in part could see.

She thought, I will with other Maidens stand
Within our door and, looking o'er the land,
See the new Marchioness, and so must try
To do at home, before her train come by,
The daily labours that to me belong;
That I, with chearful heart, may view the throng,
And, at my leisure, the fair Dame behold,
If she, this way, shall to the Castle hold.

And, as this Maiden o'er their threshold went,
The Marquis came, and call'd with kind intent
On her, and she beside the threshold straight,
Within an Ox's stall her Pitcher set,
And when the Prince, with his gay train, she sees,
Fell trembling, to the ground, on bended knees,
And, with sad count'nance kneel'd, nor dar'd to stand
Till she should bear her noble Lords command.

The thoughtful Marquis then address'd the Maid
With mild demeanour, and thus kindly said:
Where is your Father, Grisild? She replies,
With all due rev'rence, and in humble guise,
My Father is already here, my Lord,
And will with much respect, attend your word;
Then in she went, without the least delay,
And brought her Father her great Lord t' obey.

The Marquis, by the hand, took this poor Man,
And led him straight aside, and thus began:
Janicola, I can no more conceal,
The pleasure of my heart, but now reveal
To you, what I have kept from all beside,
That if you condescend, whate'er betide,
To give your Daughter for my wedded Wife,
I will maintain and love her all my life.

I know you love me still, nor e'er will scorn,
Since you have been my faithful Liegman born,
And I dare well to say you likewise love,
All those around that me their Lord approve;
Wherefore I beg you specially to make
An answer to the point of which I spake,
If you will to my present purpose draw,
And instant take me for a Son-in-law.

At this abrupt address astonish'd stood
The man, pale grew his face and chill his blood;
His aged members sudden tremblings seize,
And he no words could say but only these:
My Lord I stand your faithful servant still,
Nor dare be disobedient to your will;
To what you wish I shall comply with ease,
So may this point be govern'd as you please.

Then, with soft voice, the Marquis thus reply'd:
Within thy chamber I'll a while abide,
Partaking a Collation, you and I
And she beside; and wish you to know why?
I then will ask her if she chuse to be
My Wife, and rule herself by my decree,
And, in your presence, will the matter break,
Nor, from your hearing, to your Daughter speak.

And while they staid, within the chamber there,
About the treaty, which you soon shall hear,
The people came into the house without,
And marvell'd much, as they beheld about,
How she attentive kept her aged Sire
With honest living, and with chaste desire;
But at the train fair Grisild wonder'd more;
For such a sight ne'er blest her eyes before.

Nor think it strange she was surpriz'd in thought
To see so great a Guest within their cot;
For she to no such visits had been us'd,
For which deep paleness o'er her face diffus'd.
But in few words to make you comprehend
The matter, and to bring it soon to end,
The foll'wing speech the worthy Marquis said,
To this benign, and very faithful Maid.

Fair Grisild hear, and to my words incline;
It is your Father's will and also mine,
That you should be the Partner of my bed,
Providing you consent with me to wed;
But first permit me one demand, that since
This day was fix'd for marriage of your Prince,
And hence all must be done in hasty guise,
Say, will you now assent, or more advise?

My meaning is that you, with ready heart,
Take my whole will and pleasure, in good part;
If I think meet to make you grave or gay,
You shall not murmur, or by night, or day,
Nor e'er by word, or frown upon your brow,
Refuse my orders in whate'er I do:
Swear to comply with all I now have said,
And here I swear our marriage shall be made.

Pond'ring on this she shook with sudden dread,
And said, tho' most unworthy of your bed,
I shall, my Lord, with your desire comply,
And as you right yourself ev'n so will I,
And here I swear never, in act or thought,
To disobey whate'er by you is wrought,
Nor, to be dead, your will at all deny,
Tho' Maids, like me, but seldom wish to die.

It is enough, my Grisild, answer'd he,
And forth he went with manner mild and free;
And close behind attends the beauteous Maid,
While thus the Marquis to the people said:
Behold my future Spouse, and hear my word,
Honour and love your Mistress as your Lord;
Whoe'er loves me, be kind to her I pray,
And of this matter we no more need say.

But, that no portion of her old attire
She might bring to his house, 'twas his desire
Th' attending Ladies should undress the Maid;
And they to touch her cloths were nothing glad,
But yet disrob'd her of her former weeds
T' obey their Prince, and as th' occasion needs;
And this young Bride, so fair and bright of hue,
In haste they cloth'd, from head to foot anew.

Her beauteous hair they comb'd, that rudely lay
Untress'd, and with neat fingers they
Upon her head a crown imperial fix'd,
And all her dress with gems and spangles mix'd.
Why should I swell my Tale with her array
Of regal ornaments? Suffice to say
Her, for the same, the people scarcely knew
So rich her clothing, and so fair she grew.

The Marquis then espous'd her with a ring,
That, for the purpose, he took care to bring,
And placing her upon a snow-white horse,
That knew to amble, and to keep his course.
To his fair Palace straight, without delay,
(While the glad people met them in the way)
Convey'd the Bride; and thus the day they spend
In mirth and revel, till the sun descend.

And shortly thus my Tale of her t' express,
I say that Heav'n to this new Marchioness
Such favour sent, so bright, so graceful mien,
That none could know what she before had been;
Nor seem'd it likely, or from word or deed,
That she, in rudeness, had been born and breed,
As in a cot, or in an ox's stall,
But nourish'd in some mighty Emp'ror's hall.

To ev'ry one so dear this Lady grew,
So worthy of respect, that those who knew
Her birth, and had beheld her, year by year,
Could scarce believe their eyes, but dare to swear
That to Janicola, of whom I said,
Had ne'er been born so good, so fair a Maid;
For by consent of all she now was deem'd
Another creature from what once she seem'd.

For she who had before in virtue liv'd,
To such encreasing excellence arriv'd,
Of manners good, beyond her sex's reach;
So fair her actions, so discreet her speech,
So wise she grew, so courteous, and benign,
And was to such perfection seen t' incline,
And could so well the people's heart embrace,
She was belov'd of all who view'd her face.

Not only thro' Salucia's noble town
Extended this new Marchioness' renown,
For wisdom and for goodness, but beside
To many a distant realm, and country wide;
If one said well, another said the same,
And so was spread the brightness of her name,
That Ladies, Lords, and Commons young and old,
To Saluce came, her beauty to behold.

Thus Walter lowly wedded, but in truth
With virtue, modesty, and blooming youth,
Liv'd at his home, in grandeur, peace and ease,
For Heav'n had giv'n him grace the state to please;
And when they found that, under low degree,
He had a Wife, so good, so kind and free,
The people held him for a prudent man,
A thing but rare, since first the World began.

Not only Grisild, by her carriage wise,
Could all domestic management advise,
But when the state demanded her address,
Could common grievances as well redress:
There was no discord, rancour, heavy heart
In all the land but she, by gentle art,
Could well compose, and bring the subjects all,
To love their Master, and obey his call.

Oft, in her husband's absence she would strive
To bring the Gentlemen, and all that live
Beneath his high command, to be at one
If they were wroth, for aught injurious done
Among themselves, and she was held so just
In ev'ry point committed to her trust,
That all declar'd, this Lady had, from Heav'n,
To save the state, and heal their wrongs been giv'n.

But e'er long time a married life she led,
A beauteous Daughter bless'd her nuptial-bed,
Tho' 'twould have giv'n this Grisild greater joy,
Had she, by fortune, brought her Lord a Boy;
But he was glad, and so was all the land,
For, tho' a maiden-child come first to hand,
A Son may shortly crown their mutual vows,
Since she for certain is no barren Spouse.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

CANTO III.

It so fell out, as man's inconstant race
Oft wish the temper of their wives to trace,
That, when this child had suck'd a little while,
The Marquis long'd, by some deceitful wile,
To tempt his wedded Spouse, and thus to find
The secret disposition of her mind;
And this desire nor left him night nor day,
Tho' sure 'twas needless to make such assay.

He had essay'd her mind enough before,
And found her always good, nor wanted more
Experiments or proofs, to know that she
To him would ever kind and faithful be;
Tho' some commend it for a subtile wit,
I dare affirm, 'tis always most unfit
To try a woman, when there is no need,
And fill her heart with anguish, and with dread.

But this young Marquis, on his purpose bent,
One night alone into her chamber went,
With aspect stern, and with demeanour sad,
As if his heart some grievous trouble had,
And thus address'd his Wife: Grisild that day,
On which I took you from your poor array,
And bless'd you with your present happy lot,
I dare to swear you have not yet forgot.

Grisild, I say, the great, the high estate
In which I plac'd you, and your prosp'rous fate
Cannot efface from your remembrance quite,
How you was taken from an humble plight
Nor make you think, since of so poor a line,
That e'er you were a proper match for mine.
Attend, my Dame, to ev'ry word I speak,
And none shall hear what I to you must break.

You know full well that, to your Master's house,
You came but short time since, his wedded spouse,
And tho' so great, so dear in my esteem,
You to my Gentlemen as nothing seem;
They say, to them it is great harm and shame,
To live subjected to a lowly Dame,
And hold your virtues, and yourself in scorn,
Because you were of humble Lineage born.

And chief, since you a Daughter only brought,
They in this manner, have express'd their thought;
But 'tis my will, as I, before had done.
To live in peace, and give offence to none;
Wherefore I must their murmurings regard,
Tho' you should meet but undeserv'd reward;
I must do with your daughter, for my ease,
Not as I wish, but as my subjects please.

And yet, Heav'n knows, 'tis sorrowful to me,
To do what may give grief or pain to thee;
And therefore in this matter, nought will I
Perform, without my Grisild's privacy;
But you must give assent, in deed and word,
To what may be the pleasure of your Lord;
Shew now the patience, promis'd in your house,
The day, that you became my wedded spouse.

She heard, with inward grief, but was not seen
To change in word, in visage, or in mien;
She still appear'd as she were nothing mov'd,
And answer'd thus, as if she had approv'd:
I am your faithful Wife, my Lord, and use
Your Child and me, just as yourself may chuse;
We're both your own, and you may save or kill
Your infant daughter, as your subjects will.

May Heav'n so save my soul, there nothing is
While lov'd by you that can destroy my bliss;
Of all the world beside, desire I none,
Nor fear to lose, except yourself alone:
This is my wish, without or guile or art,
And only shall with life itself depart;
Nor time, nor fear of death, nor torture can
E'er change my heart to love another man.

Glad was this Marquis at her answer mild,
Yet feign'd he still, as he were griev'd and wild;
All dreary was his look, and sad and slow.
He turn'd his steps from out the room to go,
And still resolv'd to try if she were true
Walk'd from his house a furlong off or two
There call'd a Soldier, told him his intent,
And private to his sorrowing Lady sent.

A bold, and trusty Serjeant was the man,
The Marquis chose to execute his plan,
One faithful found in enterprizes great,
Who lov'd his Lord, and knew to serve the state,
And oft such folks, by their superiors will,
May be, as easily, inclin'd to ill:
He got commands, which now we need not name,
And, with stern silence, to the Lady came.

Madam, he said, forgive your slave I pray,
Performing hard commands he must obey;
You, with such wisdom bless'd, will sure believe
That none can dare their Sovereign to deceive;
His orders you may weep, may sore complain,
And I be loth to do what gives you pain,
But men in pow'r will always have their will;
And Wives, and Servants must obey them still.

My orders are your infant child to take.
He snatch'd it from her arms nor more he spake,
But seiz'd the Babe with rage, and feign'd despite,
As if he meant, to slay it in her sight;
While patient Grisild spake no angry word,
Nor once reflected on her cruel Lord.
But, as a Saint beneath the Butcher's knife,
Sat meek and thought she gave her daughters life.

Suspicious was this man in character,
Suspicious were his words, his face to her,
And more suspicious still at dead of night,
To come, and snatch her infant from her sight:
Alas! her daughter, whom she lov'd so dear,
Whose instant death she had such cause to fear;
Yet wept she not for this, nor mourn'd nor sigh'd,
But with the Marquis' will, in all complied.

But now, at length, the Dame began to speak,
And pray'd the Serjeant, with demeanor meek,
That he, a Gentleman would not deny
The child to her embrace, before it die;
And on her bosom, she this infant laid,
And with sad sorrowing countenance survey'd
Then pray'd high heav'n her beauteous Babe to bless,
Lull'd to repose, and straight began to kiss.

And thus she said, with look and voice benign:
Farewell, my child, for thou no more art mine.
And sadly must I feel thy early loss:
But since I mark'd thee with the holy cross,
O lov'd, and bless'd for ever may'st thou be
By him, who dy'd for us upon the Tree.
Thy soul, my little child, to him I give,
Since, for my sake, this night you cease to live.

I trow that, with a nurse, full hard had been
The case, had she this piteous matter seen;
Well might a Mother then have cry'd, alas!
But she so strong of mind, so constant was,
That all adversity she knew t' endure,
Submitting to those ills she could not cure,
And to the Serjeant mildly thus she said,
Here take again your beauteous infant maid.—

Go forth, and now perform your Lords behest,
But much I beg you, grant my last request,
That if not strict forbid, you sure will lay
This little body with its kindred clay,
Deep underground, and in some hallow'd rest,
Secure from Birds, and each devouring Beast.
But he disdain'd another word to say,
And sternly took the child, and stalk'd away.

The Serjeant to his Lord again return'd;
And of fair Grisild's words, and how she mourn'd;
He told him point for point, in short and clear
And then presented with his daughter dear.
Soft pity touch'd his heart a little while;
And he repented of his useless guile,
But to his former purpose soon inclin'd:
The great will do whate'er they have in mind.
He bid the Sergeant privately enwrap
With careful hands, his infant in a lap
Of woollen cloth, that was both soft and warm,
Then place it in a coffer, free from harm,
And safe convey, and let no noxious breath,
Or hurt, or touch the Babe, on pain of death,
Nor tell to man ought of his Lord's intent,
Nor whence himself had come, nor where he went;

But to Bologna, where his Sister liv'd,
To take the beauteous child, and when arriv'd,
Impart to her, who bore the noble name
Of Panicos fair countess, whence he came,
And all her brother's conduct to declare,
Beseeching her to nurse, with tender care,
His infant Daughter, and from all to hide
Its parentage, whate'er might her betide.

The Sergeant went, soon reach'd Bologna's land,
And faithful there obey'd his Lord's command;
But to the Marquis let us turn our tale,
Who surely thought his Lady must bewail
Her Daughter's fate, and instant home return'd,
To find if she were chang'd, or wept, or mourn'd,
But with surprise beheld his lovely dame,
Still kind, and chearful and in all the same.

As meek she was, as humble as before,
As loving to her wond'ring Lord, nor more
Lamented she, nor seem'd at all dismay'd
In adverse fortune, nor of ought afraid,
Unchang'd in action, and in speech appear'd,
Nor sigh, nor soft complaint from her was heard,
Nor mention'd she what seem'd so much of blame,
Her Daughter's fate, nor e'en her Daughter's name.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

CANTO IV.

Thus pass'd away the four succeeding years,
When pregnant the fair Dame again appears.
And to this Walter, e'er the fifth begun,
She bore another child a beauteous Son;
Full fair was he, and gracious to behold,
Which, when the Ladies to his Father told,
Made him rejoice, with all the country round,
And thank high Heav'n for this new blessing found.

When this young child two years had seen the light,
And from the Nurse's breast was taken quite,
The Marquis long'd, tho' hazarding her life,
Again to tempt the patience of his Wife:
O ruthless was his heart! so hard to prove
A spouse so good, so contant in her love.
But men too oft a suff'ring Wife controul,
The more she yields, the more they vex her soul,

Wife, said this Marquis, 'tis well known to you
How griev'd the people take our marriage vow.
And chief since you, by fortune, bore a Son,
Worse than the former murmurs have begun;
Complaints that pierce my ears, assail my heart
And vex my soul, with such unceasing smart,
That I, no more, feel happiness or joy,
But pain and woe, that may my life destroy.

Thus are their present words; when Walter dies,
The blood of poor Janicola supplies
His place succeeding to the vacant throne.
For Prince, or other Lord we then have none.
Such is the speech, that fills my soul with dread,
And of those murmurs I must well take heed;
My mind is hence perplex'd with grief and pain,
Tho' scarce, in public, dare they to complain.

I wish to live, with them, in constant peace,
And, that my people's discontents may cease,
Have firm resolv'd, within my mind, to do
What grieves myself, and must give pain to you;
To take this Boy, tho' innocent and mild,
And serve him as I serv'd our former child;
So warn you not to murmur, nor deplore,
His fate, but bear with patience as before.

I have, said she, by all the heav'nly pow'rs,
Nor will, nor wish, nor other thought but yours,
So manage all this matter, as you please,
Best for your own, and for your subject's ease,
Nor, for our son, and our dear daughter kill'd,
Shall e'er your house with my complaints be fill'd,
Tho' by my children, I receive no gain,
But sickness first, and after woe and pain.

My Lord you are, to you my son is free,
So take your pleasure, unrestrain'd of me;
For, as I left my former clothes at home,
Before I ventur'd to your princely dome,
I left as well my liberty, my will,
And took your clothing, as the sign that still
I should accord to what you might incline:
Judge for yourself, nor ask advice of mine,
And surely, were it giv'n me to foresee,
Before you spoke, what might your pleasure be,
I should, as is my duty, still prevent
Your wishes, nor enquire your mind's intent,
And, tho' so hard, what you think fit t'unfold,
I firm, as you will, to the purpose hold,
And, ev'n my life, could that for you atone,
As pleas'd I'd give, as I resign my son.

She said. And when the guileful Marquis found
His wife so much in constancy t' abound,
With wond'ring visage, and with downcast eyes,
No more he said, nor waited more replies,
But went his way, continuing still t' admire
Her mild obedience to his hard desire;
Yet seem'd he, with deep sorrow, to depart,
Tho' love for her, and pleasure fill'd his heart.

The frightful Sergeant he had once employ'd,
By whom she thought her daughter was destroy'd,
He sent, array'd in horrible disguise,
(Worse than before, if worse he could devise)
To seize her son, and yet so patient she,
So meek, so humble in adversity,
She [illegible] heavy chear, nor said amiss,
But kiss'd her child, and then began to bless.

She pray'd the messenger, if not forbid,
Her little son might in the earth be hid,
His tender limbs, so delicate, to save
From birds and beasts, within some hollow grave.
But he no answer to her suit return'd,
Nor seem'd to notice, if she wept, or mourn'd
Nor of the deed to rue, so cruel thought,
Yet careful to Bologne her infant brought.

The Prince admires her patience more and more
That had he not so well observ'd before.
How dear his Grisild both her children lov'd,
And how she was, by tender passions mov'd,
He sure had thought that, by some subtile art,
She hid revenge, or rancour in her heart,
Else she had wept, or said some angry word,
For this unheard of usage from her Lord.

But well he knew that, next himself, to her
His son, and daughter were in all most dear.
And if the sex permit me now to ask,
When she so well perform'd her dreadful task
Might not the two past trials quite suffice?
What could a cruel Husband more devise
To prove her patience, or her strength of mind?
Yet to severer proofs he still inclin'd,
For there are people of so stubborn heart
No power on earth can force them to depart
From good and bad designs they undertake,
But still persist, as fasten'd to a stake;
So nothing could this guileful Marquis move,
Tho' wedded to such constancy, and love,
But he must new experiments invent
To tempt his wife as was his first intent.

He waits to know if, or her look, or word,
Signs of a griev'd, or alter'd mind afford,
But still was disappointed, nor could find
She was estrang'd from him, but more inclin'd
(If more were possible) as she in age
Advanc'd, his own and subjects' hearts t' engage,
As stedfast as before, in all as true,
And, ev'ry day, more kind and loving grew.

You would have thought, so much their love encreas'd,
Tho' two themselves, they but one soul possess'd;
For to whate'er her Walter seem'd inclin'd,
Was the delight of beauteous Grisild's mind,
And Heav'n was pleas'd all for the best to send.
She minded not, or joy, or other end
Except t' obey her Lord, conforming still
To him, and trying to prevent his will.

But, on her husband, ill reports arose,
That he, curs'd with a cruel heart, had chose
A woman of base rank to be his wife,
Then robb'd her daughter, and her son of life,
By a fell murd'rer, in the night, he sent.
Such was the murmur that among them went;
Nor seem'd it strange for to the people spread
No word, but of the lovely infants dead.

And, for this slander rais'd and evil fame,
They, who before had lov'd him, now became
His greatest foes: to kill his children dear
Is the worst name that mortal man can bear.
Yet he, by whom these sad reports were heard,
Nor chang'd in visage, or in word apppear'd,
But to his cruel purpose held the more,
Resolv'd to tempt his consort as before.

When his young daughter her twelfth year attain'd
And praise from all, for growing virtues gain'd,
He sent a trusty messenger to Rome,
Instructed well before he went from home
Such instruments and papers to devise,
As, for his cruel purpose, might suffice,
That the good Pope, to give his people ease,
Annull'd his marriage, when himself should please.

I say, he gave him strict commands and full,
To counterfeit, with art, a Papal Bull,
That granted licence to divorce his wife.
And, with another Spouse, to lead his life:
Lest fierce dissention, rising to a head,
'Twixt him and all his subjects hatred spread:
This Bull was publish'd to the people's view,
But the deceit was only known to few.

Then the rude vulgar, as no wonder is,
Believ'd their Marquis, nor took ought amiss,
But when the tidings reach'd fair Grisild's ear,
Woe was her heart, and sorrowful her chear;
But yet, secure in patience, still she bore
Misfortunes women never felt before,
Nor e'er complain'd, but meek and humbly mild
Behav'd in all, nor knew she was beguil'd.

Resign'd, and constant to her harden'd Lord,
She disobey'd not, or in art, or word;
She gave her heart, where she bestow'd her hand,
And would have stript her clothes at his command.
But, to make short my tale, this Marquis sent,
A letter, that reveal'd his whole intent,
Soon to Bologne; and bid, lest one should know,
The messenger, with secrecy, to go.

And, when arriv'd to give the packet there
To the great Husband of his Sister fair,
The Count of Panico, whom much he pray'd
To bring the children, that so long had staid
With him back to their former home again,
In honourable state, and with a train
Of guards and servants, and desir'd beside
Their birth, and parentage from all to hide.

But say the maiden should be wedded soon
To the great Marquis of Salucia's Town.
This Earl comply'd with all the wish'd intent,
And, on his way, at dawn of morning went,
With Lords, and Ladies to Salucia's land
And guards and pages plac'd on either hand,
In rich array, the beauteous Maid to guide
And her young Brother riding at her side,

Dress'd was the Maid, as for her nuptial day,
With gold, and gems, that cast a sparkling ray;
Her Brother too, that had sev'n summers seen,
Was cloth'd as rich, and shew'd as fair a mien;
And thus, with merry hearts, and splendor great,
They rode to Saluce, both in royal state,
By easy journies sped their destin'd way,
Resting at night, and trav'lling slow by day.

WALTER AND GRISILD;

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

CANTO V.

Meanwhile the cruel Marquis still inclin'd
Ty try the temper of his Spouse's mind,
Her patience, by extremest proofs to move,
And full to learn her steadfastness and love;
Wherefore, to her, who seem'd in all the same,
He, tho' with hazard of her life and fame,
In open audience, on a certain day,
With blustering voice and mien began to say.

Grisild, I own, your goodness has been such,
That, as my wife, I have esteem'd you much,
For mild obedience, and for truth divine,
Tho' neither rich, nor of a princely line;
But I, by sad experience, know full well
What, long conceal'd, I now with grief reveal
That, tho' an high estate may pleasant seem,
'Tis pain, 'tis woe, and all its joy a dream.

A Prince must act to give his subjects ease,
Not, as inferior ranks, himself to please;
Another Marchioness is all their cry,
And, forc'd by them, I dare no more deny:
The Pope besides, to calm the rising rage,
Has giv'n his free consent that I engage
In nuptial bands, with whomsoe'er I will,
Which I, tho' loth shall surely soon fulfil,
And these sad tidings now must greet your ear
That my new Spouse is on her journey here.

Be strong of mind, and straight resign your place;
And, for your love, I grant of special grace,
That all the dow'r you brought you take again,
And, as you please, may for yourself retain.
But to your Father's house return, nor grieve,
For none, in happiness, can always live:
With steadfast heart I reed you to endure
The strokes of fortune, that admit no cure.

He said, and patient Grisild answer'd meek:
My Lord, I always thought what now I speak,
That no comparison could e'er be made
'Twixt princely splendor and an humble shed,
And that myself, within a cottage born,
Could not be form'd your noble house t' adorn;

Nor, in my mind, have I e'er wor[illegible]
To be your wife, or ev'n your [illegible]
And, tho' you made me La[illegible]
I swear by Heav'n, since I [illegible] your spouse
And may the P[illegible]ve my soul,
I never try'd your pleasure to controul,
Nor as the mistress of your people shew'd
Myself, but as your meanest servant bow'd
To you, to them, much more than all besides.
And shall continue so, while life abides.

And since by your benignity sustain'd,
So long in honour as your wife and friend
Tho' most unworthy in such state to live,
I thank you for the past; may God forgive
My present usage undeserv'd from thee,
As easily as 'tis forgot by me.
I to my Father's house, will gladly bend
My steps, and there abide till life may end,

There I was foster'd from an Infant small,
And there will stay till death, whate'er befall.
A Widow pure in body and in heart.
Nor, as another's Wife, will thence depart;
For since I am your wedded spouse and true

And my virginity gave up to you,
May Heav'n forbid that I, a Prince's Wife,
Should, with a second Husband, lead my life.

And I pray Heav'n to grant, of love divine,
Prosperity to this new spouse of thine,
To whom with pleasure, I resign the place
That I so blissful, oft had wont to grace;
For since it is the will of my dear Lord,
Who claims obedience both in deed and word.
And has, so long, been my defence and stay,
I shall whene'er you please, take hence my way.

But, as you proffer me the dow'r I brought
When I became your spouse, 'tis sure my thought
You mean the wretched clothes I left behind,
Which now 'twould be no easy task to find.
Alas! how different were your speech and face,
The day you visited my humble place.
And, with your glitt'ring train, our marriage made;
How kind were then your looks, and all you said!

But now I find the common saying true,
Old Love is cold, and nothing to the new,
Which is too surely verified on me.
But yet, my Lord, not for adversity,

Nor ev'n for death, shall one have cause to say,
That I repented of my wedding day,
Or that in word and deed, I yielded still
My heart to you, and always wrought your will.

Remember only, as th' occasion needs,
Your stript me of my poor and humble weeds
Within my Father's cot, and then bestow'd
A richer clothing, that you kindness shew'd;
And doubtless I brought neither dow'r, nor dress
But faith, virginity, and nakedness;
And here again your clothes to you I bring
For ever, and besides your wedding ring.

What I receiv'd of gold, and jewels more
Are in your chamber where they lay before.
Naked I left my Father, so remain,
And naked must return to him again.
I still desire your pleasure to fulfill,
Nor dare be disobedient to your will,
Yet much I wish it were not your intent.
That, from your House, without a shift I went.

Your heart is not so hard, nor can you mean
To cause so sad, deplorable a scene,
Nor wish ought so dishonest and unmeet

T' expose me naked in the public street,
And in the view of all ; wherefore I pray
That I not like a worm be sent away ;
My Lord, so loving once, will surely deem
I was his Wife, tho' worthless of esteem.

Since fair virginity, the maiden's stay,
To you I brought, and cannot bear away,
Of all your wealth, now at my utmost need,
Vouchsafe to give, 'tis but an humble meed,
A shift, such as your Wife I wont to wear
Nor shew my body quite expos'd and bare,
And this once granted, straight I take my leave
Lest my lov'd Lord should at my presence grieve.

The shift, said he, that is upon thy back
Thou may'st retain, and to thy cottage take.
Yet scarce could speak so harsh to her he lov'd,
But went his way with deep compassion mov'd.
Then her imperial garments off she stript
Before her train, but neither mourn'd nor wept,
And in her shift, all naked foot and head,
To her old Father's house she slowly sped.

The people follow'd weeping all the way,
Curs'd fickle fortune, and the fatal day ;

But dry were Grisild's eyes, she spake to none,
And onward far'd, as she had been alone.
Her Father soon the cruel tidings heard.
In what sad plight his daughter dear appear'd;
And curs'd the day the hour, that first he saw
The light, and vital breath began to draw,

This poor old man had liv'd in constant dread,
Since his fair daughter's nuptial rites were made,
And always deem'd that, when his Lord fulfill'd,
Tho' uncontroll'd, the purpose he had will'd,
It great disparagement he sure would think
So far beneath his high estate to sink,
As with a maid of low degree to wed,
And soon divorce her from his marriage bed.

In haste he went to meet her, when he knew
From the surrounding shouts she was in view,
And, as he could, her former clothes put on
With tearful eyes, and with a piteous moan.
But hard the task both to herself and him,
So rude the cloth, so moth'd, and worn by time;
Full many a turn of Fate pass'd o'er her head
Since this was wove, and for her garments made.

Thus, for a space, with her old Father lives
This flow'r of patience rarely found from wives,

Yet neither by her face, nor what she spake
Before her equals or behind their backs,
Could one discern that e'er she took amiss
Her sad descent from such a height of bliss,
Or e'er repented of her woful fate,
Or ev'n remember'd her once great estate.

Nor wonder is, for when exalted high
She acted as in plain humility,
Assum'd no delicate, nor slighted airs
Nor pomp, nor semblance of the state she bears,
But patient and benign, still free from pride
Discreet to all, but loving none beside
Her Lord; to him was meek and kind,
And honour, constancy and love conjoin'd.

Men speak of Job, and learn'd clerks will write
Of his endurance what they can endite,
Of others too, but still confin'd to men,
The praise of woman scarcely moves a pen:
No man can in humility acquit
Himself, nor to such truth and suff'rance fit
His mind, as women could in days of yore,
But times are chang'd from what they were before.

WALTER AND GRISILD,

OR,

THE CLERK'S TALE.

Canto VI.

But now the Count from fair Bologna came,
And his arrival fill'd the mouths of fame:
To ev'ry one, or great, or small was known
That a new Marchioness had come to town,
So richly dress'd, so beautiful, so gay,
And her attendants in such bright array,
As none could then remember to have seen,
Or heard that in west Lombardy had been.

The Marquis, that the whole design contriv'd
Before his Daughter and this Earl arriv'd,
A message sent to Grisild's humble home,
And bid her, in his boist'rous way to come;
She straight obey'd as when in princely state,
Nor discompos'd her face, nor seem'd elate,
Nor as a Wife, but as a subject suits
Rev'rend, on bended knees, her Lord salutes.

Grisild, said he, it is my purpose full;
Which you, nor one besides can now annull,
That this new Bride be welcom'd to my house,
Tomorrow, as becomes a regal spouse;
And that my Servants, each in his degree,
Should now bestir themselves, obeying me
In all I may devise, or think the best
For preparation of so great a feast.

I have no women servant that can dress
The chambers to receive my Marchioness.
Nor to put things in order to my will;
But as you knew my pleasure to fulfill,
Of old, I [illegible] without delay,
[illegible] meet array;
[illegible] unpleasant to be seen,
a task so mean.

My Lord, [illegible], the task impos'd will give
[illegible] to my mind, I ween, while I live,
I'll strive, in my now low degree, to do
What menial service seems most fit to you;
Nor for my weal or woe, shall I refuse
The meanest office you think meet to chuse,
Nor, while the mind remains within my breast,
Will ever fail to love my Lord the best.

She said: and straight, disdaining nothing mean,
Began with diligence, the rooms to clean,
To place the tables, and the beds to make,
And beg'd th' assisting train to sweep and shake,
Fast as they could, whate'er within the house,
Might claim the care of the succeeding spouse,
And pain'd herself, performing more than all
To dress the chambers, and the spacious Hall.

About the hour of dinner came, next day,
This Earl, and both the children from their way,
With their surrounding train, so rich bedight,
And all the people ran to see the sight;
And, as before, each to his neighbour said,
That Walter was no fool to wed a maid,
Who might encrease the pleasure of his life,
And thought it best that he should change his Wife.

For she than Grisild is much fairer deem'd
And, as more young in age, to them it seem'd
That brighter fruit would from this union spring,
And pleasant as a princely line could bring:
Her Brother too, bless'd with a face and mien
More promising than e'er by them was seen,
Caught their unstable hearts, was blam'd by none,
And all commended what their Prince had done.

A foolish people! changing as a vane,
And, like the moon, now full and now in wane;
Puff'd with vain rumours, ever undiscreet,
And only pleas'd with new, and strange you meet,
In whom proud, rancrous and unsteady join,
Beneath the value of the basest coin;
Your constancy is nought, your hearts untrue,
And great the fool that sets his love on you.

So spake the wisest of Salucia's town,
When they saw people gazing up and down,
And running here and there, to view the sight;
For a new Lady was their whole delight.
But I no more of this will mention make,
But let them, as they chuse, their pleasure take,
And to fair Grisild turn my tale again,
How she perform'd her toil, and bore her pain.

Full busy was the da me, and careful dress'd
The rooms, and all belonging to the feast,
Nor of her garments seem'd at all asham'd,
Nor of her Lord complain'd nor any blam'd,
Tho, they were old, and rude, and something rent,
But to the Portal, with the rest, she went
To greet the Lady in a cheerful way,
And then perform'd the bus'ness of the day.

And, with such ease, she welcom'd ev'ry guest,
And plac'd, in order, for th' approaching feast,
With prudent art, each in his due degree,
That all were pleas'd, and none a fault could see,
But wonder'd much, both who and whence she came
That, in this poor array, a lowly dame,
Such honour, and such worth in all displays,
That tongues are wearied to resound her praise.

But, all the while, she ceas'd not to commend
The new-come Lady, and so well t' attend
To her, and her young Brother, that no one
Could add to what she had, or said, or done,
And all with heart benign, and true intent;
But, at the last, when Lords and Ladies went,
To share the feast, the Prince began to call
On her, as she was busy in the hall.

Grisild, said he, as if desiring sport,
How like you my young wife, just come to court?
Full well, my Lord (said she) with cheerful air,
Never till now have I seen one so fair;
I pray that Heav'n to you, to her may give
Peace and prosperity, long as you live,
May choicest blessings on your union send,
And make your offspring last till time shall end.

But one thing I must mention, and beseech
You not to urge her with tormenting speech,
Nor such sad tasks as were impos'd on me;
Nor think tho' I sustain'd your hard decree,
That this more tender Maid, brought up secure
From harm, in princely state, could e'er endure
Th' adversity, the grief, the pain and woe,
That I, so poorly foster'd, undergo.

And, when this Walter all her patience knew,
Her chearful heart, where guile, nor malice grew,
That she continu'd constant as a wall,
And cloth'd with innocence surpassing all,
This harden'd Marquis now repents at length
Of trials, that exceeded female strength,
And, sorr'wing in his heart, began to rue
Th' offences done to her he found so true.

It is enough, my Grisild, he reply'd,
No more shalt thou, or shame, or ill abide;
To know your faith, and truth I made essay
But in an high estate, and poor array,
Beyond the pow'r of woman, and must tell
None, as yourself, could e'er behave so well,
Nor with a wife so good has one been bless'd:
He clasp'd her in his arms, and fondly kiss'd.

She started back, amaz'd and sore afraid,
Nor heard a word of what her husband said,
But stood, as waken'd from a direful dream,
And lost in wonder, yet herself became.
Grisild, said he, by Him that dy'd for man,
'Twas all a fiction, and a guileful plan;
Thou art my only wife, none else I have,
Nor ever had, as Heav'n my soul shall save.

This is thy daughter, and brought home to thee,
Whom you suppos'd my wedded Spouse to be;
Your son that other, and my lawful heir
Most certain is, as I have taken care.
Both are the children of your nuptial-bed,
Whom private, at Boloigne, I kept and bred;
Take them again, nor more complain, or say,
That, from their mother, they were torn away.

And, for the folks that blam'd, and took no heed,
I warn them well, that I have done this deed,
Not from a cruel, or malicious heart,
But to essay thee in thy better part,
Thy mind, to know thy strength of womanhood,
And not (forbid it Heav'n) to shed their blood,
But kept my children privately, and still,
And far from you, till I should learn your will.

Lost in astonishment she heard, and down
She dropt, for joy and wonder in a swoon,
Lay long entranc'd, depriv'd of sense and light.
At last she call'd her children to her sight,
Embrac'd them in her arms, and bless'd, and kept,
With all a mother's tenderness, and wept,
And fondly kiss'd, bedewing with her tears
Her face, her bosom, and her beauteous hairs.

O grievous was this matter, sad and drear
Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear;
Now thanks to Heav'n and heav'nly pow'rs, said she,
That both my children are preserv'd to me:
Now mind I not to die upon the place,
Since I such love, such unexpected grace
Have found, here on the ground I'd lie
Till, from my body should the spirit fly.

O, my poor babes, for whom my tears have stream'd;
For constantly your woeful mother deem'd,
That both her infants had became the prey
Of cruel hounds, or beasts more fierce than they;
But Heav'n in mercy, and your Father too,
With all due tenderness, has nourish'd you:
And as, with falt'ring voice, the words she said,
Again she fell, again her senses fled.

And, in this deadly swoon, upon the place,
She held her children in so strict embrace,
'Twas with great art, and care, and fear of harme
They could be parted from her circling arms.
O, many a sigh was heard from those around;
And many a piteous face bedew'd the ground
With tears fast-falling, as they stood beside,
That scarce, for grief and pain, could one abide.

When Walter came, and sooth'd her tender woes,
And blushing, from her trance at length she rose;
And much was cherish'd by the festal train,
'Till she resum'd her wonted strength again.
So faithfully her husband try'd to ease
Her pains, her sorrows, and in all to please,
It now became delightful to the view,
To see how loving, and how kind they grew.

But standing now, renew'd in health and bloom,
These Ladies brought her to another room,
There stript her of her rude and poor array,
And dress'd, in cloth of gold, kept for the day,
And, on her head, a crown imperial plac'd,
That brightly shone, with gems and spangles grac'd;
Then gladly she return'd into the hall,
And had due honour, and respect from all.

Thus has this rueful day a blissful end,
And all the train, in mirth and revel, spend
The swift-revolving hours, till night came on,
And bright with sparkling stars the welkin shone:
For more delight was giv'n to every guest,
And greater cost bestow'd on this new feast,
And more magnificence in all display'd,
Than, at fair Grisild's nuptials, had been made.

Full many a year, with prosp'rous fortune bless'd,
This couple liv'd, in concord, and in rest,
And married their fair daughter to a Lord
Among the best Italian realms afford,
Both good, and worthy found, as he was great
And, while he liv'd, in comfortable state,
The Marquis kept the Father of his Spouse
Lodg'd in apartments of the royal house.

And, when this Marquis dy'd, fair Grisild's son,
In peace, succeeded to the vacant throne,
And, marrying well, liv'd many a happy day,
But never put his wife to great essay;
The world is not so strong, nor can we find
Such patience now, as grac'd this Lady's mind,
Such as in days of yore one scarce could miss:
Attend to what my author says of this.

The story is not told that ev'ry wife
Should follow Grisild in an humble life,
And bear her husband's will without complaint;
For such we find not, tho' we try to paint,
But that both sexes each in their degree,
Should still be constant in adversity,
Like this fair dame of old, as Petrarch writes
The tale, and in a lofty stile endites.

For since a woman, with such patience, bore
Hard usage from a mortal man, much more,
With resignation and with full content,
Should we receive whate'er by Heaven is sent.
That with great wisdom, tries each work he wrought,
But none e'er tempted of mankind he bought,
Yet as St. James in his Epistle says
By various means he proves us all our days;

And oft afflicts us, seeming to be free,
With the sharp scourges of adversity
That, for our exercise, continue still,
But not to learn the purpose of our will;
For surely Heav'n foreknew, before our birth,
The sins and frailties of the race of earth;
And still is best what he thinks fit to give,
Wherefore we should in virtuous suff'rance live.

But, Lordlings, listen, keep within your mind
That now-a-days, it were full hard to find
In any town, of Grisild's two or three;
Were women put to such essays by thee
The gold of them is so alloy'd with brass,
That, tho' the coin for beautiful may pass
And fair, and lovely to a careless eye,
'Twas burst asunder ere you made it ply.

So, for respect this wife of Bath I bear,
Whose life, and all her sex, may Heav'n with care,
Preserve, and make them always pass their lives
In that superior sway, so dear to wives;
Or should they yield, with heart all fresh and green
I'll sing a song, shall gladden them I ween:
So, let us here our serious matter end,
And, to my song, that thus shall speak, attend:

Grisild is dead, nor more her patience found,
But buried with her in Italian ground;
Wherefore I cry aloud, that all may hear
Let none of wedded men so sadly err
In hopes of finding Grisilds, e'er t' assail
Their Spouses' minds; for surely they shall fail.

O noble wives! of prudence all divine,
Let not humility your tongues confine,

Nor learned clerk have ever cause to write
So marvellous a Tale, as we endite
Of this fair dame, lest of the half-starv'd beast,
That feeds on patient wives, you be the feast.

Be silent never, and speak always loud,
That foll'wing echo may her answers croud,
Nor, for your innocence, e'er cease to baul,
But sharply take the government of all:
Imprint this lesson well within your mind,
'Tis for the profit of the female kind.

And what you gain'd be careful to defend,
Strong as a camel stand, but never bend
To mortal man; and ye young-married wives,
In whom some small remains of mildness strives,
Suppress it fast, be fierce as tigers still
And let your tongues clap constant as a mill.

Fear not thy Lord, nor rev'rence in the least,
For, should a coat of mail defend his breast,
The arrows of thy crabbed eloquence
Will pierce his heart, and take away his sense;
Or make him jealous, thus you sure prevail
And he will couch beneath you like a quail.

If you be fair, be gaily dress'd at home,
And eye with kindness all the males that come:
If not, be never sparing of expence,
And treat your friends with much magnificence;
Light as a lime-tree leaf, be all your chear,
And let him weep, and wail, and pine with care. 308

THE WELCOME.

SCENE; A CASTLE.

PERSONS.

Corydon
Menalcas } *Shepherds.*
Phemius. *a Minstrel*
Genius of the Castle.

Lesbia
Amaryllis } *Shepherdesses.*
Phillis

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.
Hunters, Huntresses, &c.

Time, The Evening.

THE WELCOME.

SCENE I.—A GREEN BEFORE THE CASTLE.

Lesbia, Corydon, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

CHORUS.

Maids, and Swains be blithe and free,
Now's the time for mirth and glee;
Young Thyrsis, Lord of this domain,
Of many another fertile plain,
Of hills, of dales, of lofty rocks,
Where chearful Shepherds feed their flocks,
And sprung from Chiefs in Scotia known,
From ancient times, of bright renown;
Who loves to go where glory calls,
And now Possessor of these walls,
A matchless Nymph to-day brings home,
To reign the Lady of the dome,
Where none remember to have seen
The blessing of a rural Queen.

LESBIA.

AIR.

The sloping Sun begins to steep
His axle in the atlantic deep;
Shepherds haste, with jocund air,
To welcome home the happy pair;
Hither haste, and hither bring
The martial pipe, the trembling string.
And to the mingled music beat
Frolic measures with your feet,
Gayly tripping o'er the ground
With gentle step, or swifter bound.
Like the souls of purer fire
Emulate the starry quire,
And all your faculties employ
To make the most of present joy,
When care, and strife are gone to bed,
And Delia here by Thyrsis led.

CHORUS.

Maids, and Swains be blithe and free,
Now's the time for mirth and glee;
Young Thyrsis, Lord of this domain,
Of many another fertile plain,
A matchless nymph to-day brings home,

To reign the Lady of the dome,
Where none remember to have seen
The blessing of a rural Queen.

DANCE OF SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

LESBIA.

RECITATIVE.

Maids, and Swains again advance,
Strike the string, and lead the dance;
Young Thyrsis, of our Swains the pride,
To-day brings home his beauteous Bride,
Has banish'd all our cares away,
And made a glorious holiday;
For, tho' so charming this retreat,
Nor Nymph, nor Swain have fix'd their seat,
For ages long, here on the side
Of Eska, with his winding tide.
O let us not our joy suppress,
They come, they come the Swains to bless.

CORYDON.

And hark! I hear from rock, to rock,
The shrilling horn, the bleating flock;
The Huntsman's whistle strikes the ear,
And Amaryllis too comes near,
See where she hastes with glowing cheek,
Impatient all her joy to speak.

SCENE II.—A FIELD, ROCKS, AND WOODS AT A DISTANCE.

Lesbia, Corydon, Amaryllis, Hunters, Huntresses, &c.

AMARYLLIS.

All day we trac'd the neighb'ring grounds
With chearful horns, with op'ning hounds,
And now return with shades of night
Expecting here a nobler sight.
A lovelier pair not e'er the land
Beheld unite in Hymen's band;
He sprung from an illustrious line,
And she with ev'ry grace divine
Endow'd, that could Minerva charm,
Or Dian's self to kindness warm,
But in my transport let me sing
The chace, the joys that thence may spring,
And buxom health by Nymph, and Swain
Found on the mountain, or the plain.

AIR.

When the morning shines purple o'erhill, and o'er-
dale,
And health is diffus'd on the Zephyr's cool gale,

Let the Shepherds, and Maidens, forsaking their beds
Trace the forests, the vales, and the steep mountain heads,
Then follow with me, from the dawning of morn,
The cries of the hound, and the notes of the horn.
So shall we be free from ambition, from strife,
And innocence only the pleasure of life,
Like the Swains of Arcadia careless of wealth,
Yet gain the first blessing; the blessing of health.
Then follow with me, from the dawning of morn,
The cries of the hound, and the notes of the horn,
And, when o'er the hills, and the woodlands we roam
Young Thyrsis shall lead us as at his own home,
While chearful good humour that smiles on his face,
Speaks a heart of content, and enliv'ns the chase.
Then follow with me, from the dawning of morn,
The cries of the hound, and the notes of the horn.

To them MENALCAS.

RECITATIVE.

What joyful news, my Freinds, gives birth
To this gay scene of noise, and mirth,
When hoary Winter comes to spread
His frost along the Mountain's head,

To bind the floods in icy chains.
To spoil the verdure of the plains,
And, as attendants, brings along
Of griefs, and cares a dreadful throng?
The scanty product of the year
Our hearts relieves not from the fear
That now the herds, the flocks may die
With famine, and the Shepherds lie
Smit with disease, that oft the door
Besieges of the mean, and poor.

LESBIA.

Altho the silver locks of age
Proclaim thee from experience sage,
Ill suits it, in this time of joy,
In ought but mirth our minds t' employ,
When Thyrsis, pride of all the plain,
And Lord of this remote domain,
Brings home a Bride more bright to view
Than Hebe with her blooming hue,
And to benevolence her mind
As much as is his own inclin'd,
'Tis they will feed the famish'd flocks,
When winter harder makes the rocks.

And bring relief to ev'ry woe,
That from inclement skies may flow,
Then cast away thy fruitless care,
Like us a joyful aspect wear,
And now thy voice with transport raise,
The good, the gen'rous pair to praise.

AIR.

Tho' we live far remote, and labour the price
Of our ease, and contentment, yet free from all vice,
In winter, in summer, still be it our care
Our cattle to tend, and our fleeces to shear;
And now of all these we shall sure be possess'd,
For our Thyrsis, our pride, with his Delia is bless'd
'Tis they will enliv'n the heart of the Swain,
Guard his flocks on the hills, and his herds on the plain:
Yet let not our industry fail us in ought,
For wealth by our industry ever is brought.

MENALCAS.

RECITATIVE.

O let me join my aged voice,
And in the present good rejoice.
Methinks the happy pair I see,
From sorrow, care, and envy free;

Then each to each, with rapt'rous heart
A new return of joy impart,
And soon the pledges of their bliss
Strain at the knee to share the kiss.

AIR.

O! how pleasing 'tis to trace
The features of an Infant's face,
T' observe how first their life began,
To see them ripen into man;
And Parents thence such joy receive,
They seem their lives again to live.
But far more pleasing to behold
Our Sons grown up, as we grow old,
Pursue the instructions giv'n in youth
Nor e'er forsake the paths of truth
But kindled by some active fires
With new renown adorn their Sires.

CHORUS.

O! how pleasing 'tis to trace.
The features of an Infant's face,

SCENE III.—A COURT BEFORE THE CASTLE,

Lesbia, Menalcas, Phemius, Hunters, Huntresses, &c.

LESBIA.

RECITATIVE.

Now Minstrel say, for best your can
How for his Delia so began
The love of Thyrsis, that their hands
At length were joined in nuptial bands;
How beauteous, and how good the Dame,
Who touch'd his Soul with such a flame?

PHEMIUS.

Let Bards of ancient ages boast
Cythera's wondrous charms,
The glories of the Delian coast
Or Cupids golden arms;
Let moderns vaunt the joys of courts,
The Fair with gems array'd,
The pleasures of the midnight sports,
And love in masquerade,
Be mine the better task to sing

Amid the breezy grove,
How Delia, fairer than the Spring
Inspir'd her swain with love,
'Twas not the charms of hoarded Ore
Inflam'd the Shepherd's heart,
Nor princely titles Delia bore,
Nor gaudy dress, nor art,
But not on Peneus laurell'd banks
So fair a foot was seen.
Nor tripping' mid the twilight ranks
E'er such a rural Queen,
For nature gave her choicest grace,
The blooming Maid t' adorn,
And made the lustre of her face
Outshine the rising morn,
Not all the fragrance of the dew
The bees of Hybla sip,
Nor op'ning flowr's of richest hue
Can match her rosy lip.
Her hair in beauteous curls assumes
A dye of deepest black
But not more glossy are the plumes
That shade the Raven's back,
Then o'er her face appears her brow
In one bright Arch to rise,

Proportion'd as the showery bow,
That shines amid the skies
Her eyes so sparkling, and so bright,
None yet their hue could tell,
But only this, that in their light
The darts of Cupid fell.
So deep, so pure a blush is brought
Along her blooming cheeks,
In vain she thinks, to hide her thought,
Her look, her colour speaks:
The loves, the smiles descend from high
To sport around her breast.
And all the Guardians of the sky
Defend her slender waist.
But not the Queen of Paphos Isle,
When with her cestus bound,
With such enchanting grace could fill
The pow'rful circle round,
Nor even the imperial Spouse of Jove,
When with the gift endow'd,
So charm'd her wondring Lord to love,
Or with such beauty glow'd,
But who can tune the vocal shell
To paint her noble mind,
Where all the Virtues love to dwell,

All as in one conjoined,
There Friendship, Piety combine
With Innocence, and Truth
And Charity, that gift divine
The brightest grace of youth.
She*, fairest daughter of the Skies,
Attends the humble voice;
Pale Poverty before her flies,
And pain, and grief rejoice.
She walks abroad, diffusing round
Her all-enliv'ning smiles.
Makes Widows hearts with rapture bound,
And Orphan's cares beguiles,
Ye Nymphs. and Shepherds, sport no more
On Ladon's sandy side;
A brighter Beauty crowns the shore
Of Eska's silver Tide.
There might you bring your fleecy flocks.
And serve with better grace,
The Lady with the jetty locks,
The Lady of the place.
For not on Peneus laurell'd banks

* *She.* Charity: In allusion to that passage of the New Testament. "Faith, Hope and Charity;—but the greatest of these is Charity."

So fair a foot was seen.—
Nor, tripping mid the twilight ranks,
E'er such a rural Queen.

LESBIA.

AIR.

O mighty Pan! you heard our voice.
'Twas you directed Thyrsis, choice;
So prosper now their journey home
So guide their steps within the dome.
Secure from each malignant Faun
That secret snares may lay,
Or Fairy Elf, that haunts the Lawn,
And would disturb their way,
So, tho' thy Syrinx fled thy sight,
And in the River vanish'd quite,
If e'er again thou pin'st with love,
O may'st thou find
A Fair as kind
As Delia to her Swain can prove.

CHORUS.

O mighty Pan! you heard our voice;
'Twas you directed Thyrsis' choice.

A DANCE OF HUNTERS, HUNTRESSES, &c.

MENALCAS.

RECITATIVE.

Cease, cease the dance, and all prepare
Some joyful tidings straight to hear;
Young Phillis comes, and in her eyes
I read a tale of glad surprize.

PHILLIS.

AIR.

Shepherds, Shepherds, all be glad,
Neer your hearts again be sad;
Let the music resound.
In the dance swiftly bound,
Or better come hither with me.
And soon such a sight
Your eyes shall delight,
As we again, never may see.

MENALCAS.

RECITATIVE.

O Phillis, to your Friends impart
The bless'd event that glads your heart.

PHILLIS.

As now I walked the verdant side
Of rapid Eska's winding tide,
I heard the Coursers' thundring feet,
I saw the waves a Chariot meet,
Where sat a nymph more fair to view
Than blossoms bright with morning dew,
And at her side, the favour'd youth
Renown'd for constancy and truth.
The Tritons throng'd to see them pass,
The wond'ring Nereids climb'd the grass,
The rushing waters burst their banks,
And stood above, like martial ranks,
Till slowly from his hollow bed
The River rear'd his aged head
With rushes crown'd, with dews o'erspread,
Bade ev'ry wave due distance keep,
And sink into their former deep,
For this ye streams of Eska smoothly glide,
The freight you bore was Thyrsis, and his Bride.

PHEMIUS.

AIR.

O pow'rful Beauty, who can tell
The wonders of thy charms,
Or what the raptures Bridegrooms feel,
Thee circled in their arms?

Ev'n hostile Hosts, when thee they met,
Have dropt their weapons at thy feet,
And Shepherd maids by thee alone
Have, from a cottage, grac'd a throne.
The Monarch, and the Peasant bend
Alike before thy Shrine,
Alike desire thee for their Friend,
Or as thy Lover pine.
Thy pow'r of old, in one great day,
Could give the World itself away,
Made gates of solid brass unfold,
And brought from Heav'n a show'r of gold.

CHORUS.

Ev'n hostile Hosts, when thee they met,
Have dropt their weapons at thy feet
And Shepherd maids by thee alone
Have, from a cottage, grac'd a throne.

Scene IV.—A Hall.

The Genius of the Castle alone, in a splendid dress, crown'd with Laurel, and a branch of Myrtle in his hand.

RECITATIVE.

Ye sacred walls! renown'd in song
For ages past, for ages long;
A mighty Fabric plann'd of old;
By skilful hands, and Heroes gold.
With various architecture grac'd.
And on a rock securely plac'd.
Firm as the Capitol's Foundations laid,
And, as beneath the waves of Tyber play'd
Wash'd by clear Eska's flood, that boasts a name
But just inferior to the Roman Stream.
A Warrior here of noble blood,
An ancestor of Thrysis, stood
Defender of his native land
Against a proud invading band
And still maintain'd the wall, the rock
Amid the fiercest hostile shock;
And here old Bards, with boughs fantastic crown'd,
In many colour'd vests, diffus'd around,

From uncouth Lyres, the dirge of Clieftains brave
And strew'd with herbs and flow'rs their hallow'd grave.
Ye sacred walls! receive to night
A richer, and more happy freight
Than you, for years, have seen to come;
Long time forsaken was the dome.
But now your Thyrsis brings along,
Selected from the maiden throng,
A nymph as bright, and with such charms endow'd
As on his beauteous Mothers Fate bestow'd.
In him the Glories of his Fathers shine,
In her the Graces of the Female line.
Ye sacred roofs! deserted long
Now shall ye sound with nuptial song
And entertain a lovely Bride.
In bloom of youth, in beauty's pride
And fairer than the dames of old,
In tales renown'd by Poets told:
For her Apollo Daphne had forsook,
For her had Paris laid aside his crook,
Oenone left within the grove forlorn,
And held the charms of Sparta's Queen in scorn,
See! Hymen, crown'd with Myrtles, come
To bid them kindly welcome home;

By him the Bride within is led.
And Hebe decks the nuptial bed,
Nor Mars, for this denies his Bays,
Nor Phoebus his poetic praise;
Nor shall Diana chaste, nor Pallas wise
E'er from the happy pair avert their eyes.
And Cytherea too shall bless their love,
And She, the great imperial Spouse of Jove.
How blest are they, who mix their fires
In early life, with young desires;
So friendship grows from constant love
Mankind revere, the Gods approve:
Nor grief, nor care their lives annoy.
Nor jealousies disturb their joy,
But loving still, and still belov'd they live,
Till each from each a purer bliss receive,
When all the ties of Husband, Father, Friend,
And Wife and Mother, as in one attend.
O mighty Pan! reward the truth
Of this fair Nymph, and blooming youth;
Still may their days in pleasure glide,
Still may they live on Eska's side,
And, strongest source of social ties,
Behold an offspring round them rise.
Encreas'd as oft, as e'er th' enliv'ning Sun
Shall thro' the circle of the Zodiac run,

In whom, to man arising, they may trace
The Virtues of their Father's noble race.
Thus, in a Palace, they shall find
The choicer Blessings of the mind,
That oft forsake a princely lot,
To seek the shelter of a Cot,
Shall shed new bliss o'er all around.
See richer fruits adorn the ground
The Swains rejoice, the flocks, the cattle feed
On brighter verdure spreading o'er the mead,
See Commerce flourish, arts more vig'rous live,
And ev'n the Muse on Eska's banks revive.

THE

BIRTH OF PITY,

AN ALLEGORY.

Versified from Dr. Aikin's Miscellanies.

In happy times of old, the golden age,
When Gods would oft in mortal cares engage,
And from the skies descending, friendly walk
On earth, and with her sons familiar talk
To mighty Jove were born ethereal twins,
Ere men forsook their purity for sins.
And most were cherish'd of the Pow'rs above,
Who call'd the beauteous Infants Joy and Love.
Where'er they went, beneath their fragrant feet
Fresh flow'rs arose the smiling pair to greet.
With brighter radiance shone th'enliv'ning sun,
And beams of gladness o'er all nature run.
Unseparated from their earliest youth,
A mutual friendship strengthen'd with their growth

Which Jove observ'd, and fav'ring in his mind
The happy nuptials that themselves design'd,
Decreed for them, preventing all their fears,
A lasting union in maturer years,

Meanwhile the Sons of men, of good bereft,
Their native innocence entirely left;
For Vice, and Ruin then had sprung to birth,
And with gigantic strides o'erran the earth.
The fair Astrœa, with a shining train
Of heav'nly Visitants, forsook her plain.
For ever turn'd from her despoil'd abodes,
And sought the skies, and mix'd among the Gods.
Of her attendants Love alone remain'd.
Whom Hope, his nurse, yet privately maintain'd,
Had to th' Arcadian Forests stol'n away,
Remote from ruin, and the Sons of Prey,
And secret mid the neighb'ring shepherds rear'd,
Whose harmless hearts his infant prattling chear'd.
But when of age great Jove, in anger now,
Forbade him to fulfill his former vow;
A diff'rent partner of his life assign'd
Than his companion of celestial kind:
With Ate's Daughter, Sorrow he commands
The youth to join in melancholy bands.
Reluctant with the mandate he comply'd;

Unpleasing were the features of his Bride;
With sunk and hollow eyes no smiles she knew,
Her forehead in perpetual wrinkles drew.
And her high temples, and her brows around
A wreath of Cypress mix'd with Wormwood bound.

But from this union, soon a Virgin rose
In whom could be distinguished, as she grows,
An equal kindness in her charming face,
To both the Parents whom her virtues grace,
Yet was the sweetness of her Father's mind
So with her Mother's mournful temper join'd
In her, that wheresoe'er she came in sight,
All gaz'd, and wonder'd with unfeign'd delight.
Th' Arcadian Maids, and youthful Shepherd swains
Collected round her from the neighb'ring plains,
Where'er she went, her silent steps pursu'd
And run and call'd her Pity, as they view'd.
A red Breast built her nest, and hatch'd her young
Within the cottage where the maiden sprung;
And, yet an infant, to her bosom flew
A panting Dove, whom hungry Hawks pursue,
For she to bird, and beast compassion shew'd,
That what she gave might to herself be ow'd.

This nymph was of a soft dejected mien,
But still so gentle, and so mild was seen,

That all beheld her with an ardent love,
And far beyond what other Virgins move.
Her voice, tho' plaintive, was so sweet to hear
It thrill'd with pleasure ev'ry list'ning ear
Oft on some river's bank, she pass'd her hours
Amid the fragrance of surrounding flow'rs,
And, leaning on the grassy margin, sung
To the soft lute her tender hands had strung,
In melancholy notes, that wilder seem,
Pour'd to the murmurs of the gliding stream.
She taught mankind to weep from early years,
For still herself had strange delight in tears:
And when the Virgins of the vale resort
To places destin'd for their ev'ning sport,
Amid the troop, with silent pace she stole,
And captivated ev'ry feeling soul.
With tales of sadness well she knew to frame,
And more were charming, as from her they came.
While her fair head her Father's Myrtles bore,
'T win'd with the Cypress wreath her Mother wore.

As once, where Helicon's bright streams arise,
She sate, with pensive heart, and weeping eyes,
Her tears, by chance into the fountain fell,
And yet the chrystal waves their virtues tell:
For hence the Muses' sacred spring retains

The taste she gave to feel another's pains.
Then, thro' the world Jove bade the nymph pursue
Her Mother's steps, to keep them still in view,
The hearts she broke with softest hand to bind,
And pour her balm on ev'ry wounded mind,
Now close she follows with deep sighs, and sobs,
Her bosom beating with perpetual throbs,
And, in the most inclement seasons bare,
Or only cover'd by her scatter'd hair;
Her garments hanging loose, and sadly torn
By brambles, thistles, and the pointed thorn;
Her feet all bleeding from the rugged ways,
Thro' which, in cheerless haunts, she constant strays,
For mortal is the beauteous maid, because
So is her mother, by th'eternal laws;
And when they run their course beneath the sky,
At once shall Pity, and shall Sorrow die;
And ever living Love, reliev'd from pain,
Unite with his companion Joy again,
His long betroth'd, and his immortal Bride,
Of Heav'n the pleasure, and of Earth the pride.

THE CELESTIAL EXILE.

FROM FENELON'S TELEMAQUE.

Apollo, once provok'd at Jove on high
To see his thunder rolling thro' the sky,
The face of Heav'n in brightest days disturb,
And quite obscure the radiance of his orb,
A sad revenge determin'd in his mind;
He kill'd, at once, the whole Cyclopean kind;
Who forg'd the dreadful bolt, that rattling rolls
Above the clouds, and shakes the frighted poles.
Then Ætna ceas'd in sable smoke t' aspire,
Nor more disgorg'd her floods of curling fire;
Nor, from within, was heard the dreadful sound
Of hammers striking the fix'd anvils round,
That groans excited from earth's winding caves,
And deep abysses of the roaring waves,
Rude, and unpolish'd lay both ir'n and brass;
No hands of skilful Cyclops o'er them pass;
The rugged metals soon began to rust,
And, long-neglected, crumbled into dust.

Now Vulcan quits his half-extinguish'd flame,
And swiftly mounting, tho' one leg was lame,
Olympus reaches, in a mighty heat,
All black with dust, and dropping dews of sweat;
Sudden appears before th' assembled Gods,
And fills, with loud complaints the bless'd abodes.
Then Jove, in wrath arising, furious drove,
The young Apollo from the courts above,
Fierce in his arms embrac'd, and headlong hurl'd
The bright celestial to this lower world.
Yet still his empty car performs its course;
Still the same spirit guides the foaming horse,
To give mankind the due returns of light
For work, and for repose the shades of night;
Along the skies, in wonted mode, to range,
And make the seasons, in their order, change.

But Phœbus now, stript of his heav'nly rays,
And, as a shepherd, forc'd to pass his days,
To king Admetus goes, and tends his flocks
On meadows, mountains, and surrounding rocks.
Then first his lips inspir'd the breathing flute;
He touch'd, with skilful hand, the sounding lute:
And all the Shepherds, while he sung, and play'd,
Repair'd to shades the spreading elm display'd,
Or to some limpid fountain on the plains,

And heard, with rapture, his ethereal strains.
Till then a savage life the Swains had led;
They scarcely knew from earth to draw their bread,
But all their care was lowing herds to keep,
To tend, to shear, to milk their fleecy sheep,
And make their cheeses of the fragrant flood;
With which the hollow pails o'erflowing stood,
But all the country was a desert wild,
Where garden-fruits, nor corn had ever smil'd.

Apollo quickly taught them ev'ry art,
That chears, that softens, and expands the heart.
He sung the flow'rs, with which the Spring is crown'd;
Th' enliv'ning odours she diffuses round,
The verdure rising underneath her feet,
And all the joys that in the season meet.
Next the delightful nights of Summer's bloom,
When gentle Zephyrs, breathing sweet perfume,
Blow, from their humid wings, refreshing dew,
That calls from pregnant earth, her flow'rs anew,
Revives the Sons of Men, dispells their care,
And makes remotest climes of pleasure share.
He mingled in his verse, the golden fruits,
That Autumn ripens on the bending shoots,
With all the harvest of the yellow plain,
The rich reward of each industrious swain;

And added Winter, season of repose,
That blust'ring from his chilling frosts, and snows,
Bids, to their homes the sportive youth retire,
And laugh, and dance around a chearful fire,
At last he represents the gloomy woods
O'ershading mountains; and the hollow floods,
That rush in torrents from the springs that feed
And wind, and sport amid the flow'ry mead.

So were the Shepherds taught, how great the charms
Of rural life, to those whom virtue warms,
The bounties simple nature gives to taste,
And live in plenty, ignorant of waste,
Their pipes more grateful joys to them would bring.
Than grace the palace of the mightiest King,
And crouds of uncorrupted pleasures lie
Within their cots that gilded roofs deny.
The Sports, the Smiles, the Loves and Graces came,
And gentle Innocence, a brighter name;
A Shepherdess attended ev'ry boy,
And all was festival, and all was joy.
Nought heard around but warbling from the sprays
Of pairing birds, that sung melodious lays
Or softer breathings of the western breeze
Thro' leafy branches of surrounding trees;
Or distant murmurs of the lucid rill,

His waters gurgling down the shady hill;
Or songs, the Muses bade the list'ning swains,
Repeat to Phœbus, on the happy plains,
He taught them too, with swiftest feet to trace
The field, and, win the prize in ev'ry race;
To send their arrows on the distant hind,
And flying stags, with equal wounds, to find.

The Gods themselves grow jealous of the life
The Shepherds led, so free from care and strife
And thinking now that Mortals pass'd their hours
In greater bliss than ev'n celestial Pow'rs.
Recall'd Apollo from the happy shore,
And bid him drive his chariot as before.

KING LOG.—A FABLE.

'Tis said the croaking Race, of old,
Of Liberty grown tir'd,
Become seditious, vain and bold
From Jove a King desir'd,
The God, who Men and Croakers rules,
Smil'd at their discontent,
And soon, in pity to the Fools,
A harmless Monarch sent.
Red streams of Light'ning flash'd on high;
'Loud Thunder shook the Bog;"
And swift descended, from the sky,
A huge unwieldy Log.
Its dashing fall the Nation heard;
And trembled in their caves;
But, when the tumult ceas'd, they rear'd
Their heads above the waves,
At length, approaching by degrees,
And more familiar grown,
The State, with indignation, sees,
A Log upon the Throne.

Again loud clamours fill'd the place,
Their Chiefs, with one accord,
An active Ruler for the Race,
Besought from Heav'n's high Lord.
The God, to punish discontent,
Denounc'd their future woe
And soon a vengeful Monarch sent,
To give the fated blow.
Lo! from the Lake's remotest bed,
A hissing voice is heard;
And o'er the waves, his horrid head
A Water-Hydra rear'd.
With crest erect, and sparkling eyes,
He circles round the shores,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
And half the Race devours.
Ye Britons, to this Tale, give ear,
Which Æsop told before,
And you may now, with profit, hear,
As Athens did of yore.
Let Opposition cease to grieve
For good, yet unpossess'd,
Live while they may and still believe
The present hour the best.

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT—A TALE.

Throughout the spacious world, in ev'ry age
Since time began, the poet and the sage
Have blam'd that universal discontent,
That strange inquietude, on which are bent
The minds of all, in ev'ry rank of life,
As if they strove with one perpetual strife
To gain some portion of another's lot,
By which their former state might be forgot;
Else—thinking that the more we raise above
A humble station, and the more we move
With pride, or mad ambitions glitt'ring train,
More solid happiness our minds attain.
This justly has been censur'd by the wise,
'Tis what all sense and reason should despise;
'Tis most reproachful to the human race;
And still to them the most acute disgrace,
That on misguided mortals e'er could fall,
And ev'n reflecting on the source of all.
Think of the whole creation, and survey
What walks, or flies, or swims the wat'ry way,

Or creeps, with humbler motion, o'er the ground,
Still in themselves is their contentment found;
And of the scale of Beings, as they rise
Progressive, none t' excell another tries.
The grasshopper ne'er cries to see the ant
Collect his store against the winter's want
Nor the brown ant beholds with envious eye
The beauteous grasshopper, or painted fly.
O'er the green meadow springs the sprightly steed,
And glories in his might, nor minds the speed,
The swifter speed, with which the eagle soars,
Nor e'er for wings to aid his feet implores;
Nor seeks the eagle, tho' with famine stung,
The courser's grass to feed herself, or young.

O! man, to thy confusion look around,
And thence be satisfy'd, not one is found
Except thyself, of all with life endow'd,
But still is happy with the good bestow'd
On him, and all, with unrepining hearts
Received whate'er their Maker's will imparts
Of happiness, or joy, whilst only thou,
Still uncontent with what the fates allow,
The wise decrees of providence arraign'st,
Causeless repin'st, and foolish still disdain'st
The happiness within thy reach to taste,

Because forbid to live in constant waste,
And from a vain, and impotent desire
(That springs from folly, pride, or envious ire)
Of some imagin'd good, Heav'n granted not,
Refuse t' enjoy the pleasures of thy lot.

Our hearts deceitful hope amuses still,
And all beyond the limits of our will,
Like some far country, yet but scarcely seen,
Presents some nobler, or some brighter scene
Our fond imaginations to delude:
From whose inviting charms we straight conclude
We could alone have been completely blest
With what, nor is, nor can be now possest.
Still with the thought of grandeur, and of wealth,
We join all pleasure, happiness, and health,
And since from pow'r, or riches, joy may flow
Conclude in haste, it always must be so,
Look up with envy to a higher state,
With all the pomp, and splendor of the great,
That ev'ry day may to our eyes reveal;
While inward sorrow they, like others, feel,
And all the dangers from high rank they find
Escape the searches of our thoughtless mind,
We think the states above us blest alone,
We hug our ruin, pray to be undone,

Standing tiptoe, still upon the stretch
For happiness, or joy beyond our reach. [choice
We creep, and mourn, when much comes in our
Of good, and bliss, that should our hearts rejoice,
Complain, repine, and murmur night and day,
When 'tis our only business thanks to pay
For good unmerited high Heav'n has sent,
And not to waste, and pine with discontent,
But lest my moral Muse no more engage
Your minds to this, attend an eastern sage.

The sun began to sink his ev'ning wheels
Beneath the summits of the western hills,
And with the beams of his departing fires,
To gild Golconda's towers, and lofty spires;
When Selima, long captive, and alone
Among the dames pertaining to the son
Of mighty Noureddin, began with care,
From the high windows of the apartments where
She past her hours, to cast her mournful eyes
Wide o'er the country that at distance lies,
And seem'd to envy then the lowly Swains
Inhabiting the villages and plains.
She long'd to change her proud, but painful state,
For innocence, however mean her fate,

And, in some far sequester'd cot, to find
A chearful poverty with peace of mind,
But, by degrees, the view began to fade,
The night to pour around her dusky shade,
And trembling Selima with horror hears
The doleful crashing of huge iron bars,
And creak of hinges, as the portals close,
Preventing all escape from former woes.
At length was hush'd the dreadful noise they gave,
And silence reign'd, as in the gloomy grave,
While night, all dreary, as they ceas'd to sound
The mantle of dread darkness cast around.
Then were encreas'd the sorrows of her heart;
The bars, the gates deny'd her to depart,
And sunk in woe, to solitary walls,
From her sad lips this lamentation falls,
Ah! were, for this, the pow'rs of reason giv'n,
To wretched me, by all disposing heav'n,
Thus to be shut, for ever from the band,
Of love, and friendship in my native land,
And doom'd to add, by sad misfortunes try'd,
One slave, to swell an eastern Monarch's pride,
How from o'er ruling Providence have I,
Deserv'd within these dreary walls to lie,
Or from the pow'r, by whom our sorrows come,

So soon exacted this unequal doom?
Ah! turn'd I e'er my weary'd ears away
From the complaints of want, or sorrow, say,
Or, when in crouds they sought my friendly door,
E'er shut the hand of mercy from the poor;
What then amiss by Selima was done,
That she, by such misfortunes, must atone;
That these lone walls must her sad heart remove
From all the happiness of mutual love;
And she be fated still to weep in vain
To bolts, and dungeons, nor can hope again
To find, from liberty, the least relief
For this sad train of ills, and wasting grief.

While yet a child, the messenger of death
Seiz'd, ere I knew the loss, my parents breath;
And, but few moons are past, since the same pow'r
Of terror, from my arms a sister bore,
(A sister ever dear) to that sad plain,
Where shadows, and eternal silence reign.
The rest, I lov'd, with equal grief I moan,
Beneath the bonds of servitude they groan
In Agra's mines; or doom'd to traverse far
In Indian ships (that may for ever bear
My friends away) the waters vast expanse,
And thus my weight of sorrows but enhance,

Some happier few who, scap'd such woes, survive,
And favor'd by the mighty Sultan live,
But shew how vast the difference between
What now I am, and what I once have been.
Yet to those losses was I not resign'd?
I wept indeed, retir'd, but ne'er repin'd.
But period, nor remission e'er to know
To this sad scene of misery, and woe,
Doom'd, ev'ry hour, in grief, in care t' employ,
A witness to the luxury, and joy
Of those, who were inferiors, or compeers
To me, in pleasures of my happier years,
Is the worst ill, with which the pow'r of fate
Could, sure, afflict us in this mortal state.
Will not my Lord, the Sultan oft I said
To these surrounding slaves, dismiss a maid
Judg'd undeserving of his fond embrace;
Whose presence tends not, in the least, t' increase
His pomp, or joy but rather casts a cloud
On pleasures destin'd for his great abode?
But, with disdain, they treat each falling tear,
And my complaints, with stern indiff'rence, hear:
Their hearts with pity ne'er were known to melt,
Nor e'er the sorrows of another felt.
Now night, and deathlike silence reigns around;

Nor noise is heard, nor human foot is found
The very guards who this dire prison keep
Are lock'd, how happy! in the arms of sleep.
O! when may Selima, so wretched, find
This sweet oblivion to distress of mind?
Long woes, and discontent within my breast
From my swol'n eyes repell the hopes of rest,
The night but gives me leisure to complain,
To vent my sad calamities in vain;
And, in this hour of silence and repose,
The common soother of all human woes,
It is my greatest happiness, and peace,
That, unmolested when these keepers cease,
Their day's disturbance, and the frightful noise,
Which happier damsels deem a source of joys,
I can, tho' hence forbidden to depart,
Give utt'rance to the sorrows of my heart.

As thus, accusing Heav'n, the virgin spoke,
And these last accents from her lips had broke,
The darkness was suspended, and gave way
To sudden gleams of unexpected day;
A dazzling blaze of light around her run,
Bright as the beams of the meridian sun;
When looking up with reverential awe
The dreadful angel of reproof she saw,

Stern Azazel, who had forsook the skies
To calm her undiscerning moans, and cries,
Then in the dust she bow'd her humbled head,
And at his feet her fainting body laid.
Arise, fair Selima! the angel cry'd
With friendly voice, nor let vain terrors hide
Thy face from sight, nor more thy sorrows flow,
O! thou misguided child of tears, and woe,
For I, thy Genius, o'er thy cradle hung,
Protected thee from ill, when yet so young,
And in my book ev'n from thy birth, were wrote
The various fortunes of thy future lot.
I was that angel, sent to close in death
Thy parent's eyes, to seize thy sister's breath,
And, by my influence, thyself wert sought,
A captive from the banks of Oxus brought,
To mighty Amurath, and here secur'd,
Within these lofty palace walls immur'd,
Hence hast thou mourn'd of an unequal fate,
Begun with Heav'n itself to hold debate,
Said, thy good Genius frown'd upon thy birth,
And mark'd misfortune for thy lot on earth,
That daughter of misfortune was thy doom,
And joyless years for all thy life to come,
But I thy Genius, in this light appear,
Thy heart to soften, all thy doubts to clear,

And guide thy soul, with fancy'd ills opprest,
To find th' abodes of happiness, and rest.
Let then my words within thee deeply sink;
Then let thy ears, as sweetest music drink,
And grave them ever on thy conscious heart,
In living characters, no pow'r of art,
Nor all the changing chance of time or place
Nor fortunes fav'ring hour can thence deface,
The trials sent for good, thou hast disdain'd,
Nor know'st of what thy foolish tongue complain'd!
Thy Sisters fate thou strangely couldst lament,
And for the loss of one thy sorrows vent,
Who, happier far than thou, with gods conjoin'd,
Has bliss ineffable to her assign'd,
The state of thy companions, deem'd so fair,
So pleasing as to claim the Sultan's care,
And call'd, by turns, to grace the imperial bed,
Thou envyd'st, and for this thy tears were shed,
Unconscious that, compar'd with theirs, thy own
Were joys superior, as the pleasures known
By the first happy pair in paradise,
Ere' sin had enter'd, to destroy their bliss,
Thy heart, besides at solitude repin'd,
To which hadst thou thy faculties resign'd,
And us'd aright, thou hadst discover'd how

To walk with virtue, and thyself to know.
Thou too lamented'st oft, thou wer'st not born
With beauty, graceful as the star of morn,
Which thousands, to thy thought, around possess,
But would have giv'n thee misery, for bliss.
And let thy Genius tell, by pow'r divine,
What sure had been this envy'd lot of thine,
Had not his intercession so prevail'd,
That thy short-sighted plans, and counsels fail'd,
And had thy last presumptuous wish been crown'd
With that success thou knew'st not where to bound,
Had'st thou been bidden in thy turn, to come,
With oriental pomp, far thro' the dome,
To grace the bed of Amurath, to lie
Beneath a lofty silken canopy,
In those pavilions, rich and fair, that run
So far within, and front the rising sun—
Turn to the east and there thine eyes behold
What ev'n an Angel must, with tears unfold.

She turn'd, and saw the Sultan's favor'd bride
Plac'd on a throne of state, with regal pride
Her head a diadem imperial crown'd,
And all the pomp of India flam'd around,

So fair she seem'd as Houries of the bless'd,
Her snowy neck with orient pearl was dress'd ;
She sparkled with the gold Indostan yields,
And diamonds bright from rich Golconda's fields,
Then, in her presence, ev'ry mouth was dumb,
And every knee was bent ; nor one durst come,
Without prostration, from the throng around
And ev'ry eye was fix'd upon the ground.
Yet all this adoration, they bestowed.
She took with coldness from the trembling croud ;
Nor could her face a chearful smile afford
Ev'n at th' approach of her unequall'd Lord.
She seem'd alone mid pride's unrivalled blaze,
Tho' wond'ring thousands on her splendor gaze,
And tho', where'er she went, her steps to greet
Ten thousands more fell prostrate at her feet,

Behold her, Selima, yet once again
(Said the kind angel) sever'd from her train.
When now, the flatt'ring croud entirely gone,
And in her own apartment left alone,
Say seems she to possess that bliss divine
Thy fancy painted, and thou wish'd were thine?
Owes not the gloom, that o'er her brows is spread
Its origin, to fear, her bosom bred ?
Say, knows she not, that some perfidious fate

May, in one moment, end her pomp, and state;
And will not guilt, that viper of the soul
Whose fangs her own imagin'd bliss control,
All taste for vicious pleasures soon destroy,
And shew how short, how fleeting is the joy,
How vain the friendship, or the love-embrace,
That has not truth, and virtue for its base.
But lo! the guards rush in, at this same time;
They seize their former Empress for a crime,
And tho' suspicion be the cause alone
And all to her unthought of and, unknown,
Or some new face, whose eyes, with lovelier glance,
Have caught her Lord's unstable heart by chance,
Exclaim, with dreadful voice, she durst conspire
The Sultan's death, and must for this expire.
Mark how the splendid domes no more are there;
The proud alcoves of pleasure disappear,
And in their place, a deep, and doleful gloom,
The creaking portals of a prison come,
And grated windows rush upon her sight,
And all the horrors of a moonless night.
They bear her in, unmov'd by tears that flow,
And the black veil of death around her throw:
In vain she thinks these ruffians to command;
In vain she raises now the snow-white hand,

Whose waving, but few hours before, had still'd
The raging of the fiercest croud, had fill'd
Their hearts with fear, for vengeance on them hurl'd
And humbled ev'n the rulers of the world.
With suppliant voice an audience she demands;
Disputes the sentence, all their dire commands,
And vents, as her last aid, entreaties, tears,
And protestations, call'd by them from fears,
So, still her innocence is urg'd in vain,
And all her sorrows held in stern disdain;
By hands of slaves the head, that wore a crown,
Is dragg'd upon the rocky pavement down,
And now, one last, one sad alternative,
The sabre, or the poison'd cup, they give.
She drinks; her senses, and her spirits fail;
She falls to earth now pale and now more pale.
Behold! the dread, the fierce convulsive grasp,
The painful struggle, and the dying grasp.
The rending sigh, that bursts the solid heart,
And the last pang, that bids the soul depart.
But scarce they make a pause, with ruthless force
They strip the cov'ring from the yet-warm corse,
Deny'd all burial (such their stern command)
Or to be seen with princes of the land,
But flung dishonor'd, naked on the plain,

A feast for eagles, and the vulture train!
Such thoughtless maid, had been thy latest hour
And this thy fate from unrelenting pow'r;
Bear then thy present lot, no more repine
At the disposal of the pow'rs divine,
Nor dash the cordial, hope for thee has found,
And in her hand presents thee, to the ground,
But patient wait for some more happy day,
That may remove thee from those walls away,
For only can be miserable call'd
The lot of those, so far by vice enthrall'd,
Their checks ne'er glow'd with the keen blush of shame;
But whose stern countenance remain'd the same
Amid the warnings oft their conscience gave,
And, unrepenting, sink into the grave.
Hope, soother of affliction, still is thine,
And hope can turn the bulwarks, that confine
Thee from society, by time well-spent,
Into the chearful palace of content,
Then say not in thy heart, nor e'er believe,
Thou, from thy genius, could'st an ill receive;
Nor let it ever sink into thine ear
That, with the wretched, is thy portion here;
Nor by blind wishes for a diff'rent fate,

Than Heav'n assign'd thee in this mortal state
Provoke a Pow'r, of strength to thee unknown,
And infinitely greater than thy own,
Whose hand can crush thee, tho' in vengeance slow
To dust, to atoms, at a single blow.
As these last words, with awful voice, he said,
He stretch'd his hand above the trembling maid;
Upon a sofa down she sunk, and sleep
Began her temples, in his dews, to steep:
The vision fled; nor walk'd she till the sound
Of early larks proclaim'd the morn around,
When straight she rose, with purer heart & light,
Inclin'd more firmly to the paths of right,
Convinc'd that all repining is unjust
From weak, short sighted children of the dust,
And well resolved to bear with chearful mind
The lot her Genius had to her assign'd
In all the windings of this mortal strife,
And painful journey thro' the vale of life.
O! be thy resolution, man the same,
If peace, or happiness thy care may claim;
Enjoy the pleasures Providence may give,
Nor for imagin'd good, beyond thee, strive,
Nor think that, in a humble state, you miss,
For want of wealth or shew, one solid bliss,

The good, that nature gives, is the first joy,
Which care augments not, but will oft destroy;
And this is with such equal hand, bestow'd
On all with reason, speech, and thought endow'd,
That none, his heart consulting, can declare
Himself more happy than his neighbours are.
Then let no dreams of pride your bosoms fill;
Be meek, be humble, and remember still,
That nought, for loss of virtue, can atone
And true content is in the mind alone.

LYCIDAS AND CELIA;

A PASTORAL,

IMITATED FROM GESNER.

The sun beneath a western hill declin'd,
Clear was the sky, and silent ev'ry wind;
When Lycidas with his lov'd Celia came
To sit beside a solitary stream,
That glided slow between two mossy banks,
Where thick-set rushes rose in verdant ranks.
Then am'rous Lycidas began to press
The willing hand of his young shepherdess;
Which, in his own, he laid upon his heart,
And, breathing rapture, void of guile, or art,
In softest accents thus began to tell
His happiness to her he lov'd so well:
Who knew such transports equally to prove,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and echo'd love for love,

LYCIDAS.

Ye flocks! ye vallies! and ye heath-clad hills!
Hear, and be witness that my Celia fills
Alone my heart; that she possesses whole
Th' esteem and love of my enraptur'd soul;
And that no bliss of mine so great can be,
As when my Celia sits and talks with me.
When Phoebus from yon' mountain's head displays
The pure effulgence of his golden rays,
And brings a day serene that glads the swains
To see fresh verdure smiling on the plains;
The chearful Birds unite in tuneful choirs
To hail the coming of his morning fires;
And as the dawning brightness gilds the heav'n,
New pleasures to the shepherds' hearts are giv'n,
Yet to my ravish'd eyes my Delia seems
More fair than Phoebus with his early beams
And her soft voice, the voice of mutual love,
More sweet than sweetest music of the grove.

CELIA.

When from the southern skies the swallow comes
To seek the shelter of our humble domes,
Or, here reviving by the beams of spring,
Mounts high in air his undulating wing;

These neighb'ring Orchards, as he pours his throat
Rejoice, and listen to the chattring note.
Sing, my companions, then the swallow says,
Sing to the budding trees, in gladsome lays,
The sweet return of verdure to the fields,
And all the presents the new season yields,
But I, far more enraptur'd, then exclaim
To maids, who scarce believe me for the same:
Companions dear, a thousand times am I
More bless'd than all the swallows of the sky;
For I possess a faithful shepherd's heart,
That ne'er from mine, but with our lives, will part
And from the charms of spring have ever flow'd
An equal to the pleasures thence bestow'd?

LYCIDAS.

Stretch'd at my ease beneath these crowding shades,
I love to see the flocks on distant glades,
Or, when descending from yon mountain's brow,
They seek, with cautious pace, the plain below,
To graze the verdant banks of this fair flood,
Or round the skirts of yonder darksome wood,
But Celia more I love than all the flowr's
She culls from meadows, or from fragrant bowr's

To weave a garland for her auburn locks,
Or than the wand'rings of my sportive flocks,
I love to see the colours of the sky
Serene, and ting'd, with a cerulean dye;
But from my Celia's rosy mouth a smile
Entices more and more delights me still.
O! if a bird, a captive long detain'd,
His freedom, by some accident, has gain'd,
He cherishes his liberty, and roves,
As with new life inspir'd, in woods and groves;
But I my Celia, love thee better far
Than all the birds, that wing the liquid air,
Could e'er delight in freedom's welcome day
When long forbid to mount the bloomy spray.

CELIA.

But short time since to this green bank I came,
And gazing at myself in the clear stream,
I said, with sighs, Ah! could I now but please,
My Lycidas, and thus my fears release,
Some one, that instant, not within my view,
Began fresh flowrets o'er my head to strew;
I saw th' uncertain image in the flood,
And started back, and trembling scarcely stood
I turn'd so frighted, hardly could my eyes

Distinguish, or my heart a thought devise,
'T was Lycidas.—How much I was amaz'd!
He kiss'd, he press'd me to his breast, and gaz'd
Heav'n be my witness, Lycidas, I cry'd;
I love thee more than all the world beside:
More than the flowers love sunshine, or the bee
To sip the blossoms of the fairest tree.

LYCIDAS,

'Tis sure a moment of unequall'd charms
When love, my Celia both our bosoms warms
That round your neck in fond embrace I twine,
And thus you tell me, as you circle mine,
I love my Lycidas! Then straight I raise,
Transported with the words my Celia says
To heav'n my eyes with rising tears bedew'd,
And thank the Pow'rs for our soft bliss renew'd,
Then falling on thy bosom, with excess
Of tenderness, thee to my heart I press,
Repeat the vows so oft before I made,
And all her Lycidas to Celia said.
Thy hand. that instant, pats my glowing cheek,
And tears just ready from my eyes to break,
Thy kisses dry; and we are blest above
The sweetest songsters of the shady grove.

CELIA.

But tears, my Friend, we mix with our replies;
In these soft moments common are our sighs.
Ah! Lycidas: ah! Celia: Thus our hearts
Keep time, as each to each our joy imparts;
Glad Echo hears amid the distant vale,
And tells to rocks, and groves the tender tale,

While thus young Lycidas with Celia sate.
And all to love their wishes consecrate,
Unseen, Menalcas who had listen'd near,
And felt the raptures of the happy pair,
Exclaim'd, your mutual tenderness enjoy,
O! lovely shepherdess, and loving boy:
Th' endearing transports your soft bosoms move
Teach mine as well the HAPPINESS OF LOVE.

ON SEEING A LADY

Attended by Four very beautiful, and very young Ladies—her Daughters.

Ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Charm.—Pope.

Θελκτηριαπαντα.—Homer.

In vain the Sage morosely said
That ancient ages still excell,
That ancient Beauties charms display'd
More bright than modern Dames reveal.

And Poets sung when from the main
Bright Beauty's potent Queen ascended,
Three blooming Graces, in her train,
On all her steps, with joy attended.

In her each heav'nly charm combin'd,
And, in the Nymphs, each nameless grace
That wins the hearts of proud mankind
To bend before a beauteous face.

But had these Bards *Southeska* seen
Four blooming Daughters by her side,
No more they'd boast the Paphian Queen,
Nor all her Nymphs in all their pride.

Near yonder river's ample bed,
Behold a noble structure rise,
Exalt on high its tow'ring head,
And heave itself into the skies.

With lawns and woods encompass'd round
So fair the wond'rous fabric stands,
It seems, with spiry turrets crown'd,
The work of more than mortal hands.

And in these mansions, on the plains,
Adjoining Scotia's eastern shore,
A brighter sure than Venus reigns,
The Graces are encreas'd to four.

DEDICATION TO QUEEN MARY STUART,

BY BUCHANAN,

Of his Latin Version of the Psalms.

Bright Nymph, illustrious Queen, whose gentle sway
Fair Caledonia's hardy sons obey,
Whose sacred hand the royal sceptre bears,
The ancient sceptre of two thousand years:
O great Descendant of a noble line,
Thy rank superior, but thy worth divine
Beyond thy sex with ev'ry virtue bless'd,
Beyond thy birth of dignity possess'd.
Accept, in Latin dress, the songs I bring,
Th' immortal songs of the prophetic King,
But 'tis with kind indulgence, mighty Queen,
That my far humbler Verses must be seen.
And, since Parnassus' streams, at distance, flow,
Since fairest wreaths on Cyrrha's mountains grow,
Since I invoke the Muse in colder climes,
And, near the frozen pole, produce my rhymes,
I would not send them unprotected forth,

In these bleak regions of the gloomy North.
But since, O gracious Queen, you deign to praise,
Beyond my hopes, my undeserving lays
I now submit them to the public view,
Pleas'd with my labours, since approv'd by you;
For your protection, mighty Nymph, will give,
More than my Genius can, the songs to live.

ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF A FINE BOY,

Who died 14th April, 1783, aged Six Years, wanting Ten Days.

MATTH. XIX. 14. v.

Ye Souls refin'd, whose tender sorrows flow
For soft distress, who melt at human woe;
Whose lives, in virtue led, have constant shown
Ye felt the griefs of others as your own,
Approach and drop a tear around the bust
Of prattling Infancy, now laid in dust
His parent's eldest hope, their greatest pride,
And once, they scarce knew happiness beside.
But six short years since first the lovely boy
Beheld the light, and crown'd his mothers joy
How happy she! when, in her arms embrac'd,
His little hands within her bosom plac'd;
He sooth'd her anxious cares and calm'd her fears
With sense superior to his tender years,
How oft! enraptur'd o'er his breast she hung
Drank bliss unequall'd from his lisping tongue,
More home-felt pleasure bright'ning in her eyes,

When now she heard the child with sweet surprize,
In artless accents moving stories tell,
While from his eye the tear of pity fell,
And each soft glance, with mingled sighs, impart
The first fine feelings of an honest heart,
Then She, with fond emotion, closer prest
Her much-lov'd Offspring to her throbbing breast
And still, with tears, implor'd high heav'n to shed
Unbounded blessings on his infant-head
His rosy cheek with op'ning beauty glow'd,
And rising graces ev'ry feature show'd:
His forehead white, his hair of golden hue,
His eyes bright, sparkling with celestial blue:
His pleasing form, and look serenely kind
Told all around his happy turn of mind
Smooth, as the charms delightful musick yields,
Yet firm as warriors fix'd on dusty fields;
Soft, as the fragrance of Arabian gales
That fan, with downy wings, the flow'ry vales.

Thus, with the warm esteem of ev'ry friend
His parent's fondest love he soon obtain'd,
Unconscious they that his last hour was nigh,
That dreadful hour which youth nor age can fly:
And, after them, let none be happy stil'd,

Whose bliss arises from an infant-child.
Ye Muses: that delight in tales of woe,
Whose fire encreases as your sorrows flow,
Come, breath your sighs o'er his untimely urn
Inspire my voice, and teach me how to mourn!
Long, long he labour'd with a dire disease,
Which none could overcome, which none could ease,
Yet, with such patience, constant pain sustained,
As if new strength, from heav'n he daily gain'd,
But soon, his father's heart deep anguish stung,
His mother's breast more piercing sorrow wrung,
When cruel death, by swift approaches, came,
His heart-strings burst, and tore his tender frame;
Yet he, with pleasing smiles, resign'd his breath,
Nor shrunk before the chilling blast of death,
While, wrapt in grief, his helpless parents stand,
Kiss his pale cheek, or grasp his clay-cold hand,
And, bending o'er him his unhappy sire;
Beheld, in silent woe, his life expire,
Poor hapless infant! ah! how early lost
No more thy fathers joy, his pride and boast;
How oft, to him, thou fondly didst engage
To be the friend of his declining age,
While he, misjudging that thy words were sure,
Thy constitution strong, thy life secure,

Would clasp thee to this breast with tears of joy,
And smile, with transport, on his darling boy
But ah! what pangs must now thy parents know,
What cureless grief, what life consuming woe!
To thy sad mother who can joy impart,
Pour healing balm around her bleeding heart,
Or make her e'er forget the dreadful day,
When cold in death her first born infant lay?
No more will she thy little inj'ries hear,
No more kiss, from thy cheek, the falling tear
Nor wilt thou, joyful, run within her arms,
Now, hang around her, with endearing charms
Now, by new fancies prompted, burst away
And, with thy young companions, sport and play
With thee her short liv'd hopes expir'd, and all
Her flattering prospects in a moment fall.
So men in slumbers, with enraptur'd eyes,
See visionary scenes before them rise
With some new joy, some good yet unpossess'd,
The wand'ring fancy hopes they shall be bless'd,
But when the pleasure seems within their arms,
And, still as nearer, glows with brighter charms,
Sudden it flies, appears no more to beam,
They start, awake, and find their hopes a dream.

Methinks for him the world itself should weep,
That all in grief should burst the bands of sleep,
Start from their beds, astonish'd at the sound
Of hollow winds and echoes heard around,
Should to the church-yard, at dark midnight, come,
Where he lies buried in a narrow tomb
Should come, with fearful hearts, with hasty feet
There with his sire, his weeping mother meet,
Renew the griefs their own misfortunes gave,
And mix, in common wailings, o'er his grave.
Ye mournful Muses, on swift wings, arise,
And thither call whate'er, beneath the skies,
Has known the heights of love, the joys that flow
From smiles of friendship, and th' unbroken vow,
But sudden found a sad reverse of fate,
By loss of all, that caus'd their blissful state.
Ye maids betroth'd, that, e'er the nuptial day,
Met your dead lover's fun'ral in the way;
Ye sires that, with distracted eyes, beheld;
Your sons drop lifeless on th' embattled field;
Ye mothers that, at night, your babes embrac'd
In health and smiling, on the pillow plac'd
With careful hands, then softly by them laid
But, in the morning, found them cold and dead
Come, dress'd in all the pomp of wild despair,

With frighted looks, and with disorder'd hair,
With parents more forlorn your griefs to join,
That ne'er can equal theirs, nor equal mine.
So, when the waves are calm, the tempests sleep,
When gentle breezes breathe along the deep,
A prosp'ring Sailor, long retir'd in ease,
Again commits his fortune to the seas,
But soon, new storms arising, surges roar,
Dash the frail ship against some rocky shore,
He loses all acquir'd by former pain,
And scarce with life escapes the dang'rous main.

Ye lucid streams, by which he us'd to lie,
Ye little riv'lets weep your fountains dry:
Ye shading trees, and every verdant grove,
Where, from an infant, he was wont to rove
Strip off your leaves, cease your tall heads to rear,
And clad in youthful green no more appear,
Ye rising flow'rs, where he so oft would come,
Contract your blossoms, wither in your bloom,
Avoid the sun, reject the morning dew,
Nor, with returning spring, your lives renew,
Ye green enclosures, crown'd with growing sweets,
Ye fields, ye meadows, and ye rural seats,
Where oft, in spring and summer-months, he stay'd,
In them, and in the shades adjoining play'd,

Now droop in silence, all your beauties die
Each ancient structure in long ruin lie,
No voice of mirth be heard from forth the wall,
But in each wind, a shrieking spectre call,
The trees all waste, the flowring shrubs decay
Heath, furze and brambles intercept the way;
No pleasing plant be seen, but ev'ry field,
For corn and verdure, thorns and thistles yield,
Since he, for ever, bid the world adieu,
Nor more shall fields, or shades, or meadows view,

You winding river, on whose banks to sport,
He, with his little equals, would resort,
No more, a silver stream transparent shine,
Nor, softly-murm'ring, thro' the vales, decline;
But let your waters to their source return,
Roll frighted back, and sink beneath their urn,
Or burst your banks, impetuous, to deplore
His death, that there, alas! shall sport no more.
Ye broken columns, and ye spires, that rise
Just by the spot where this lov'd infant lies,
Sink mould'ring down, and bid your echoes round
Return my sorrows with unceasing sound:
Bid the complaining bell exalt her voice
In tolls long-sounding, and no more rejoice,
But, with more doleful knell, each hour proclaim

His last abode and unforgotten name,
That ev'ry friend may visit oft his tomb
May pensive there lament his early doom,
And join in grief for an endearing son,
His life expiring when but just begun,
There let his old companions come to mourn,
And strew fresh myrtles o'er his peaceful nrn;
There shall the linnet pour his little throat
The black-bird chaunt his melancholy note;
There shall the daisy spring, the lilly rise,
Cool gales convey their incense to the skies,
And these lament, in each refreshing show'r,
Th' untimely fading of a fairer flow'r.

To me thus mourning, while new griefs arose,
Nor seem'd an end to sorrows and to woes,
What time the sun declines his ev'ning wheels,
And paints, with purple light, the western hills,
Swift, on a golden cloud, Urania came;
Urania, heav'nly muse. o'er all my frame
New joy diffus'd, restor'd my former strength,
And bade give o'er my fruitless woes at length,
In her right hand an Olive-branch she bore;
High o'er her brows a crown of glory wore;
While floods of living light her limbs invest,
Ethereal splendors glitter'd on her breast,

Around her far, with splendid lustre shone,
With rays refulgent, like the rising sun
And brighter still than those, by Prophets told,
That beam'd on Aaron's favour'd breast, of old,
More beauteous She, than Poets e'er could feign
The Paphian Goddess, or the sprightly train,
Light-footed dancing thro' the leafy wood,
Or sporting careless underneath the flood;
Than those three Graces, in description fair,
Or Dian, with the crescent in her hair;
Intranc'd I stood, and seem'd as more than man,
When, with enchanting voice, the Maid began:

Why rav'st thou thus she said, like one undone,
Yet know'st thou not, that this lamented son
Now lives for ever, on th' ethereal plain?
Forbear to grieve, collect thyself again,
And hear my words! In early youth who die,
Secure of future bliss ascend the sky;
From danger, sorrow, fear and pain remove
T' infinite years of joy, and life, and love:
No sins have they that may one doubt create,
One anxious thought of their eternal state,
But when in dust their infant-bodies rest,
The soul is high in heav'n, supremely blest;
By love, almighty love is compass'd round,

Each former grief become an empty sound,
Their Heav'nly Father takes them to the skies,
All tears of sorrow wiping from their eyes:
And, when this Child lay dying on his bed,
Descending angels hover'd o'er his head,
And sooth'd his pangs, and bore his soul away
To the bright realms of everlasting day.
Lo! streaming glories flame in yonder skies,
And, from bless'd voices, loud Hosannas rise!
For him th' unfolding gates of Heav'n display
Excessive brightness, and a purer ray,
Than when, while humble Shepherds watch'd their flocks
Beneath the extended shade of Bethlem's rocks,
A sudden blaze illum'd the lower sky,
But more refulgent glory stream'd on high,
Each wond'rous gate, of one rich diamond, burns,
Inlaid with gold, on golden hinges turns,
Displays the roof with living sapphires hung,
Transcending far the praise of mortal tongue;
The chrystal battlements, the golden tow'rs,
The meads of Asphodel, the sacred bow'rs,
The shady walks, where he, transported, sees
Young Saints, and Angel forms among the trees;
The Well of Life, just by the Mount of God,
Diffusing joy thro' all the blest abode,
For whoso tastes shall thirst nor hunger more,

But live, in pleasure, on the empyreal shore!
The groves of Amaranth for ever green,
Th' unnumber'd Beauties of th' eternal scene;
Whate'er is rich, is beautiful, is great,
That Wisdom, Pow'r, and Goodness could create,
Where all is day, no gloom, no dusky night,
But God's own glory gives unceasing light,
Lo! for this child immortal roses bloom,
Ethereal breezes breathe divine perfume,
More fragrant far than Eden's happy coast;
Or fairer Paradise, of old could boast
While palms unfading Saints and Angels bring,
And harps of gold, with sound symphonious ring,
A dying Saviour's love, the grateful theme,
That causes joy on ev'ry face to beam,
And still with which, new pleasure in their eyes,
They welcome ev'ry stranger to the skies,
Behold! array'd in robes of spotless white,
He sits, enthron'd, among the Sons of light,
His life immortal, to his joy no bound,
In rapture lost, with heav'nly radiance crown'd,
He sees the sparkling stars beneath him roll,
And bliss extatic opens on his soul.

So, breathing comfort, spake the glorious Maid,
Her golden beams withdrew, and thus I said: [265

Let all; with patience, bear affliction's rod,
Let none arraign the wise decrees of God.
How soon, alas! our dearest hopes are gone,
And where the bliss that man can call his own?
To-day he's fresh in life, in beauty gay,
But all, before to-morrow, fades away;
And, nought remaining, vital breath now flown,
But mould'ring dust, to be with dust laid down
His undistinguish'd grave survivors grace,
Or with a tomb stone plain, to mark the place,
Or monument, the last resource of pride,
To give the important notice, when he dy'd,
Then let us from the world, our thoughts remove,
Place all our hopes in endless joys above,
Resign each vain pursuit, still trust in Heav'n,
When Peace, Love, Mercy to the just are giv'n,
And count all nothing, till we mount the sky,
To join our kindred Saints in realms on high.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS NEXT BROTHER,

Which happened after a short illness, September 3d. 1787, and three weeks before he had completed the Ninth Year of his age.

Alas! poor Boy, and is it then thy doom
So soon to join thy Brother in the tomb,
So soon to leave what'er thy soul held dear,
And, for thy harmless pleasures, find a bier?
When now thy genius had begun to shew
Its early bent, and learnings good to know;
When thy young mind its infant-course had run,
And new delight from each instruction won,
A dreadful cloud obscur'd thy op'ning day
A sudden illness snatch'd thy life away
So were thy parents' hopes again deceiv'd,
And they, for this new loss, more sadly griev'd.
Yet let them not to boundless woes give way,
Nor make their minds to fruitless grief a prey,
But bear their lot, remem'bring that, from Heav'n,
To those afflicted still relief is giv'n,
Nor let short sighted mortals try to scan

The wond'rous ways of Providence to man,
For that great Pow'r, who, from oblivious night,
Brought Order, Beauty, Life, and Joy to light,
The broad expanse with orbs refulgent hung,
While sons of morning Hymns of triumph sung;
Who cast foundations for the stormy deep,
And bid the waves within their channel keep:
Tho' he may veil his beauteous face a while,
May hide his mercies, and may cease to smile;
Yet his all-charming beams, each trial past,
To patient sufferers will return at last,
Dispell their griefs, uneasy gloom destroy,
And turn each present woe to future joy.

Go then, blest shade! to that immortal shore,
Where voice of pain and grief is heard no more;
Go! with thy infant-brother to possess,
What human heart conceives not, endless bliss,
But, from yet-mortal friends those tears forgive,
Your joys they reach not, and themselves relieve.

TO A LADY,

Who wrote a Religious Elegy on the death of a Worthy Clergyman

---

Hail! happy Fair, whom ev'ry Muse adorns
That o'er the peaceful grave of Virtue mourns;
Whose melting strains in sweetest accents flow,
Whose numbers chear the weeping eyes of woe,
Accept the tribute of a rustic mind
In finer arts unskill'd, that far behind
Beholds, with wonder, your aspiring flight,
Above the clouds, to realms of pure delight,
Where peace for ever dwells, where glory reigns,
And bliss on bliss crowns the transporting scenes
Go on, my Fair! your Heavn'ly task pursue,
Unlock the springs of joy to mortal view,
And fill the mind with virtue, and inspire
Each raptur'd breast with your immortal fire
For here you have such taste and genius shewn,
That ev'n Apollo might the verses own.

THE

DANGER OF EXORBITANT TAXES;

A FABLE.

It was, and is the sov'reign will of Kings,
Those prime Directors of sublunar things,
That Kingdoms groan with want, and groan again,
Yet will they not for ever groan in vain,
Of public ills the period is but slow;
Yet Governors, and govern'd too may know,
From long experience of all ages past,
That, most assuredly, 'twill come at last.
Of this we mean to tell an ancient Tale,
That, as an argument, will oft prevail,
To which a willing ear, we pray you, bend
And let the tax'd, and taxers both attend,

When but few centuries the world had seen,
And all was clad in one delightful green
When intermingled flow'r's, and forests crown
Alike the mountain, and the verdant down;
In regions of the southern sun there stood

Of lofty Citron trees, a spacious wood,
Whose fragrant boughs, as high to heav'n they shoot,
Bore far the largest, best, and fairest fruit,
Beneath the golden load the branches bent,
And wide thro' air a breathing odour sent,
But down, by chance, a wind impetuous blows
Some Citrons ripe, and broke the parent boughs;
While certain travellers, who pass'd that way,
Oppress'd with thirst, and in the heat of day,
Chanc'd equal on the ground, the fruit to find
The liquid suck'd, and threw away the rind,
Thence were the Citron-trees induc'd to chuse
Fit Guardians to preserve their tempting juice,
To drive all passengers away, t'inclose
The forest with high walls, that might oppose
The force of winds, and ne'er permit the storm,
To shake the produce, or the boughs deform,
These Guardians all seem'd faithful at the first,
But soon discover'd that a parching thirst,
Was, ev'ry day, th' attendant of such toil,
Beneath warm suns, and on a torrid soil,
So, to the Citrons, rip'ning in the shade
Of their green leaves, they this proposal made.

We, Gentlemen, with thirst almost are gone,
For toils we bear on your account alone;

Let us but make one small incision thro'
The rough, and outer rind in each of you,
That thence a drop of juice, however small,
May to refresh our throats, and palates fall,
Yourselves will not be poorer in the least,
And we no more with painful thirst distrest,
Will thence new vigour, and new strength acquire
To finish all the work, as you desire.

The Citrons credulous, and soon deceiv'd,
This just and reasonable too believ'd,
And all consented, waving o'er the field,
This tribute imperceptible to yield,
But none the fatal consequence foresaw;
Scarce had the Guardians' hands begun to draw
The liquid thro' the small incision made,
When tempted with the flavour thence display'd,
They think a farther tribute still t' impose,
And press the Citrons ev'ry day more close;
Till, at the last, they found nought else was good,
That Citron juice was needful in all food;
And, with much pleasure, that the more they sought
By pressure more was to the incision brought.
The hapless Citrons, thus profusely bled,
Grew weary of the men, that on them fed
And try'd the contribution of their juice

To the primæval contract to reduce;
But ev'ry Guardian, stronger than his wards,
Their whole complaints, and murmurs disregards:
They put them in the press, and by degrees,
When nought was left within began to squeeze,
Ev'n from the rind, by forceful engines' aid,
The last poor drops of liquid, they display'd,
At length they bath'd themselves in Citron juice
But soon the forest could no more produce;
Its verdure was despoil'd, the beauteous race,
Became extinct, and desert was the place,
While their fierce Tyrants, that had wont so long
To suck the fragrant liquor with their tongue,
By their own prodigality depriv'd
Of the rich juice, on which before they liv'd
Fell sick, not finding what their health requir'd,
And of the putrid Fever all expir'd.

THE

BATTLE OF BANNOCK-BURN:

FROM AN OLD BALLAD.

With three additional stanzas,

BY DR. H. W. TYTLER.

In ancient times our Scottish bards,
  Our Heroe's deeds proclaim'd,
And praise obtain'd, and high rewards,
  For songs of actions fam'd.

And whom they chief desir'd to sing,
  Was ROBERT call'd THE BRUCE;
A valiant, wise, and worthy King,
  As can the world produce.

For when great Wallace was betray'd
  By his deceitful friend,
And to the rage of foes, display'd,
  Met his lamented end;

Again, in arms, the English stand,
And swiftly rushing down
Again they over ran the land,
And claim'd the Scottish crown.

Of her strong forts they held the Chief,
Both Stirling and Dunbar:
And nothing then could bring relief,
But fierce, and dreadful war.

Her noble Monarch, vanquish'd still,
Was forc'd to woods and groves,
Till Fortune, turning round her wheel,
Their wonted courage moves,

To him the best and bravest fly,
And kneeling as they spoke,
Vow'd rather by the Sword to die,
Than bear a foreign yoke.

Then Edward Bruce, his brother brave.
In Galloway resides;
To whom his aid the Douglas gave,
Whate'er of ill betides.

They seize the Castles, ev'ry fort,
The land of English free.
To Rutherglen they next resort,
And then reduce Dundee.

But Mowbray bold in shining arms,
Defended Stirlings tow'rs,
Which they besiege, with fierce alarms.
Of their victorious pow'rs.

In all their fury close they stood,
Would oft in fright engage,
And vain both sides were dy'd with blood,
Till to suspend their rage,

At length a treaty they conclude,
For twelve months and a day;
At end of which fierce Mowbray vow'd
Most sure to march away.

Unless great Edward, then the King
Of England's wide domain,
Auxiliar arms to him shall bring,
And dare them on the plain,

Thus peace proclaim'd on either part,
Both Hosts their freedom use ;---
And Mowbray, hasting to depart,
Soon told King the news.

And are the Scots, he said with scorn,
So mad as grant such time?
I trust that, ere the day return,
They shall be slaves of mine.

Then England straight and Ireland too
Were arm'd by his decree ;
And Wales to war came next in view,
Fair Normandy, with thee,

A hundred thousand men, by fame,
King Edward then procures ;
With whom to Bannock-burn he came,
And fill'd the whole Pleinmoors,

Strong chains, the captive Scots to bind,
With bread, he brought in wains ;
Yet forty thousand slain behind,
He left upon the plains.

King Robert next his army led,
Nigh Stirling to the South;
And to his Standard, there display'd,
Repair'd the neighbring youth,

He fix'd the standard on a stone,
That for memorial, still
Retains its ancient seat, upon
The summit of a hill,

Between St. Minians is the sight,
As on the road you pass,
And Charter's hall; where ere the fight,
The royal tent they place.

There came to him the men of Bute
Of Carrick and of Kyle;
And many a highland chieftain stout
Collects from isle to isle.

But his most valiant leaders were
First Edward Bruce the bold,
Great Randolph, Earl of Murray fair;
Lord Douglas too was told.

Sir Walter Stewart next attends,
Well us'd in such a fray ;
And swiftly to the camp he bends,
Impatient for the day.

His Brother Edward, led the right ;
His wing he skilful guides ;
And o'er the left, alike in might,
Fair Murray's Earl presides.

By these the King in person rode,
Bid fainting hearts forbear,
And each return to his abode,
Who was at all in fear.

This mandate thro the ranks he spread,
And bade them think in time ;
For none who were of death afraid,
That day, should fight for him.

Between them, and the foes, they make,
Within the marshy ground,
Pits set with many a sharpen'd stake,
The Southerns to confound.

Crow's feet, Cramp ir'ns thick they strew'd
Among the grass so green;
And rushes, floating on the mud,
Deceiv'd the English keen.

Up to a rising ground they run;
Saw how the English came,
All shining like the rising sun;
Their army seem'd a flame.

Thro hills, and dales, with echoing breath,
Their Trumpets loudly blow;
That ev'ry blast predicted death,
And Scotlands overthrow.

The monarch, turning round by chance,
Beheld, on coursers born,
Eight hundred valiant men advance,
Whom shining arms adorn.

Below St. Minians cross the rill,
For Stirlings tow'rs they bound;
He bid Lord Murray speed to fill,
And well defend the ground.

Lo! from your chaplet fall'n, a rose
On yonder plain I spy;
Redeem your fame from hostile brows
We conquer now, or die.

The Earl, at this rebuke asham'd,
In anger rode away,
With full four hundred horsemen fam'd
Bold Clifford's rage to stay.

He rush'd betwixt them and the town
From Live-lands to the west;
Where two tall stones for his renown,
The place has since possest.

Now Clifford as an art in fight,
Inclos'd the Scots about;
Where Murray fiercely came in sight
With coursers not so stout.

With spear and lance, they rudely prance
Where noble Clifford stood;
And, headlong hurl'd in his advance
Hoofs thick upon him trod.

Dust from their feet the horses shrouds,
As high with sweat they smoke.
O'ershading all, like misty clouds;
So dreadful was the shock.

The King, beholding from a hill,
Believed great Murray gone;
Then Douglas pray'd to cross the rill;
The King said—Let alone.

Yet, at the last, he gave consent;
But ere he got half thro',
The English horse dispersing went,
With riders but a few.

Lord Douglas stopt, and gave a chear:
Bold Murray turn'd again;
Who had with his best warriors there,
Left Clifford on the plain.

But, ere they near the Monarch drew,
The English Van came on,
The fields on their south front to view,
Led by the fam'd Bohun.

The King, afraid they had beheld
His stratagem too soon,
Rode unattended o'er the field,
On purpose to be known.

Then on his steed fierce Bohun cours'd,
With furious rage along,
To see the King so meanly hors'd
And sever'd from the throng.

By strength of arm, and of his steed,
He thought to end the strife;
But wit will oft the weakest speed,
In this he lost his life.

The King perceiving his intent
His poney check'd aside,
His battle-axe, like thunder sent,
The helm could not abide.

Ev'n to the teeth he clove him down;
The shaft in shivers flew:
Bohun fell gasping to the ground,
In both the armies view.

His troops deserted their attacks;
They judg'd this omen ill:
The King cry'd—Shaft my battle ax;
More blood we've got to spill.

With orisons and songs divine,
That night, his ramparts rung;
While English oaths from line to line,
For hope of vengeance, sprung.

Both long'd for day, with one consent,
Altho' the night was short;
The Scots took solemn sacrament,
Before the dreadful sport.

Nor life, nor death their minds perplex,
But all with fate content,
They kneel'd before the Crucifix,
Ere yet a bow was bent.

This straight the English horse perceiv'd,
And thought them faint with fear,
But soon, from arrow's points believ'd
There was no fainting there.

The first charge on the left began,
With English horse on flight;
Where hundreds in the trenches ran;
To them a dreadful sight.

There Murray rush'd, with rage on fire,
Nor pity deign'd to shew,
While steeds and men stuck in the mire
And could no farther go.

By Murray troops of archers came;
Swift on the flank they fell,
And, with such art, their arrows aim,
The Scots fail'd to repel.

Till Edward Bruce with spearmen burst
Upon their ranks behind;
Else had the King come off the worst,
They were so fierce inclin'd.

Next came of English troops the flow'r,
On horseback, sheath'd in arms;
In one promiscuous croud they pour,
And mix in direful alarms.

Then were the Scots almost undone;
They had too much in hand,
Till Murray had his battle won,
And came to save the band.

The battle now more general grew,
And spread with fiercer fire;
Fresh English troops came still in view,
By their great King's desire.

Till high from Gillies rock a throng
Rose dreadful on the sight,
They seem'd like twenty thousand strong,
Yet were no men of might.

But Matrons, ancient men in shoals,
And youthful maids, and boys,
With banners waving white on poles,
Made there a warlike noise.

The English saw with wild affright;
On all the terror fell:
They judg'd their safety was in flight,
And durst no more repel.

Their King in Stirling would have staid
But Mowbray told him—No;
For here inclos'd, you'll be betray'd,
And find your overthrow.

Your safety is, thro' yonder field,
Your homeward way to bend;
And straight ere we the battle yield,
A guide with you I'll send.

The fight was yet with fury spread,
And firm o'er all maintained;
Till Hereford fled, with all he led,
But Glo'ster still remain'd;

And rallied, when a mile he ran,
Head of his Vassal-troop;
When angry Scots t' inclose began,
Nor suffer'd one t'elope.

There, west the Saughing ford away,
Dy'd Glo'ster brave, and bold;
And there the ground, ev'n to this day,
Is called the fighting fold.

Now were they beat, with all their force,
And Edward flight embrac'd;
Whom Douglas, with two troops of horse,
Full forty miles then chac'd.

So swiftly they their course display'd,
And frequent were so near
The King almost was captive made,
But scap'd in to Dunbar.

Lord March, he kept this Castle now,
Upon the English side,
Where Edward made a solemn vow,
But would not long abide.

To Berwick in a fishing boat,
They row'd him fast away,
While, to be sav'd from this dread Scot,
He straight began to pray;

And scap'd from Douglas on the field,
Fierce as a fiend of hell,
A Monast'ry he vow'd to build,
And sure endow it well.

Hereford, who fled to find relief
Within the Bothwells' tow'r,
Was taken there, the only chief
Alive of Edward's pow'r;

But ransom'd soon for Scotland's Queen
And the kings daughter dear,
Who had long time their captives been,
And liv'd on homely chear.

Then Glo'ster, once of noble port,
With Clifford home was sent,
And both interr'd in solemn sort,
While thousands round lament

The fatal progress of their host
Against the Scottish swords,
Where forty thousand lives were lost
Of these sev'n hundred Lords;

Who rush'd in hopes to gather fame,
And all to fly disdain'd;
Oh! heavy news to England came,
Of their lamented end.

The Scots left breathless on the field
Four thousand men, and more,
Yet fame obtained by sword and shield,
They long had lost before.

THE CREATION OF WOMAN

From the Greek of Simonides.

Heav'n first the souls of women formed apart
And at some distance from their mortal heart
One species then was form'd by Pow'r divine,
Of those materials, that compose a swine.
Sluts in their houses, gluttons at their board,
These huddle all in one promiscuous horde;
Unwash'd their person, and their clothes unclean,
They fatten in the filth about them seen.

Heav'n of the subtle fox, went on to frame
A second kind an all discerning dame;
From whom is nought conceal'd, but conscious still
Of what can e'er be learn'd, or good, or ill,
She changes oft the temper of her mind,
To virtue now, and now to vice inclin'd.

A third,, form'd from the snarling dog retain
A strong resemblance to the parent-train;
Backbite, and slander, and unceasing bay,
Tho' neither man, nor woman cross their way.

Nor can their husbands quell their brawling tongue
By threats; nor if, by fiercer anger stung,
They cuff'd them in the face; nor by such words,
As welcome to a coming guest affords:
But still impertinent replies they give,
And in a round of senseless clamour live.
'The fourth, deduc'd from earth, by Powrs of heav'n
Where for the sorrow of their husbands given;
Too dull for vice, unwarm'd by virtues heat
They but one pleasure find and that—to eat;
And, all the winter 'tis their sole desire
To loll in easy chairs before the fire.

But think, young man, that Ocean's stormy wave
A fifth, and fickle kind of women gave,
Who frequent smile, and shew themselves so gay,
A stranger in their house would fondly say,
No creature sure, on earth, was ever seen
Of gentler manners, or a fairer mien.
But, by and by, her fury will be such,
None dare behold her face, much less approach
But, fearful keep both from her hands, and tongue
As when a female dog defends her young.
To all implacable and fierce, nor knows
The least distinction, 'twixt her friends and foes.
As when, in summer, Ocean seems to sleep,

The sailor glories in the innoxious deep,
But soon the rage of loud-resounding storms
Appals their courage, and its face deforms.
Such is the temper of this woman's mind,
By nature changeful, as the seas, or wind.

The sixth, of ashes and the patient beast,
That moves along, with heavy loads oppress,
Are dull and slow, but rouz'd by blows or threats,
Perform, to please their husbands, wond'rous feats.
These fondly pay the rites to Venus due,
Still mild, and coming when their husbands sue.

The sev'nth sprung from the Cat; a froward race
Of peevish temper, and unlovely face;
Still miserably sad; whose chearless mind
Is nor to pleasure, nor to mirth inclin'd.
With them the pow'r of Venus nought prevails,
But, on their Lords, they fly with teeth and nails
If they but offer at a fond embrace;
Much giv'n to theft are all the faithless race,
And roots and viands, unprepar'd and raw,
Will in some secret place, insatiate gnaw.

The Mare effeminate, with flowing mane
Produc'd th' eighth species of the female train,

Unbroke by servile toil and all detest
To be with that, or ought of use opprest,
These grind not at the mill, nor toss the sieve,
Nor e'er themselves to clean their houses strive
Nor yet embrace their husbands, save by force,
But in the manner of the parent-horse,
Bathe, once a day, their limbs in water fair,
And twice, or thrice, with unguents dye their hair;
Which, trick'd and curl'd, they wear in nicest trim
And crown'd with flowr'y garlands, all the time
Such women strangers may with pleasure view
But still their owners the possession rue,
Unless perhaps a pow'rful Prince or King,
Should take a fancy to the gaudy thing.

The ninth came from the Ape, and for the worst
Of ills, with which the human race are curst.
These ugliest faces of all women own,
That ne'er, unridicul'd they pass'd a town.
Scarce will their necks incline, so short they grow;
Lean are their hips, and all unshap'd below.
O! miserable husband, doom'd t' embrace
This plague superior of the female race,
All things they seek to know, and all revile
Like chatt'ring apes, but ne'er were seen to smile
They grant no favour for a kindness done;

Nor have, or thought or care but this alone,
Detraction to pursue, some fault to find,
And still the worst, the most delights their mind.

But, from the Bee, Heav'n form'd the tenth, the last,
In merit how surpassing all the past!
O! blest beyond a mortal, is the life
Of him, whom Heav'n ordains to such a wife.
Blameless her actions, blameless in her word,
She brings a numerous offspring to her Lord,
Their wealth encreases, as their children rise;
Each day more lovely in her husbands eyes,
As age advances; loving and belov'd,
Still are their virtues with their years improv'd.
Among the tribes of women this excells,
Superior worth within her bosom dwells.
She loves not with the wanton dames to sit,
Nor hear their loose discourse, imagin'd wit.
But of all wives bestow'd on human race,
By mighty Jove, she claims the foremost place,
Her wisdom, prudence, worth, beyond compare,
And, good in mind, her face is ever fair.

But yet the rest by Heav'n's eternal will,
Remain with man, and are his torment still.
These Jove, as his most bitter curse bestow'd;
Tho' seeming to create them for his good;

And chief is the sad evil felt by those
Conjoin'd in marriage with this band of foes.
For over one, with such a wife, ne'er run
A fair, and blithesome day, from sun to sun;
Nor e'er was famine banish'd their abodes,
A foe within, unlov'd by men, or gods.
Nay when a husband would at home rejoice,
Or make some temple of the pow'rs his choice,
Or would perhaps a stranger entertain,
Then finds his wife occasion of disdain.
Without, within, still something is unright,
And contradiction but augments her spite;
For with such wives, none hospitably can
Receive beneath their roofs another man.
And what should please them most, the joys of love
But new despite and fierce contention move;
They yawn and stretch, beside their Lords at home,
But fond abroad with friends and neighbours roam
Yet ev'ry fool commands his proper spouse,
And blames the mistress of another's house,
Unconcsious that all marry'd men have got
An equal portion of the grievous lot.

For Jove himself this worst of mischiefs found
And in the link indissoluble, bound
With miserable man that fast remain,
Till death release them, on the Elysian plain.

EPITAPH ON A LADY, 1797,

MARITUS LOQUITUR.

To you, dear Spouse, to worth but seldom known,
I raise with sighs, this monumental stone;
And tho' mature from earth to heav'n remov'd,
In death still honor'd, as in life belov'd,
Alas! what floods of tears must yet be shed,
What sorrows utter'd o'er Maria dead;
Oft as I call to mind her love sincere,
Her virtue, friendship, all the world holds dear
With what maternal tenderness endu'd;
Her truth, her more than female fortitude,
Pow'rs rig'rous hand long patient to sustain,
A painful illness long, yet ne'er complain.
And now consign'd to peace, and endless rest,
She leaves a bright example to the best,
For, when this transient dream of life is o'er,
And all the busy passions are no more,
Say what avails us, but to leave behind
The footsteps of a good and gen'rous mind?

This Epitaph is engraved on the Lady's Tomb-stone, in St. Bride's Churchyard, near Fleet-street, London.

EPITAPH ON
JAMES BURNET, ESQ. OF MONBODDO.

A Lord of Session at Edinburgh.

If wisdom, learning, worth, demand a tear,
Weep o'er the dust of great Monboddo here,
A Judge upright, to mercy still inclin'd,
A gen'rous friend, a father fond and kind:
His country's pride, for skill in Grecian lore,
And all antiquity's invalu'd store.
So, full of days, the Sage resigned his breath,
And, long prepar'd, sunk easy down in death.
Now, with thy Plato, shalt thou rest in peace,
And tho' thy life on earth for ever cease,
Yet like the Sun, thy works the world shall light,
Still warm to virtue, still like him be bright;
Thy fame, like him, ev'n to the skies shall soar,
And last, like him, till time shall be no more;
While the full blaze to little stars returns,
That from thy dazzling beams, illume their urns.
Look down blest shade! accept the votive lay,
Which one, not quite unknown desires to pay,
Laments, yet hails thy flight to realms of day.

INSCRIPTION FOR ST. BERNARD'S WELL, AT EDINBURGH, 1791.

Approach with rev'rence to the sacred shrine
Of ever-fair Hygeia, nymph divine,
Where Esculapius twines his folds around
The virgin, rising o'er the hallow'd ground.
And when the beauteous Maid her succour brings,
When you drink vigour from the chrystal springs,
Think of the friendly heart, the bounteous hand,
That still diffuses good around the land:
Immortal Garden thy illustrious name
Shall shine for ever in the rolls of fame,
And ages hence, when we must be no more,
The sick, the lame, the friendless and the poor
Will, at St. Bernard's fountain soothe their woes,
And bless the man, by whom this temple rose.

In the Year 1791, *the late Honorable and benevolent Francis Garden, of Gardenstone, caused a Statue of Hygeia, with a Serpent twining round it, to be erected over St. Bernard's Well, near Edinburgh.*

EPIGRAM,

By Johannes Sannazarius, upon the City of Venice; *And for which the Senate presented him with* 1000 *Sequins for every Verse.*

Viderat Adriacis Venetam Neptunus in undis
Stare urbem, et toti ponere jura mari:
Nunc mihi Tarpeias, quantum vis, Jupiter arces
Objice, et illa tua mœnia martis, ait;
Si pelago Tiberim præfers, urbem aspice utramque;
Illam homines dices, hanc posuisse deos,
Urbe quod in Venetâ scortorum millia tot sint
In promptâ causâ est; est Venus orta mari.

Translated 24th April, 1789.

When mighty Venice, Ocean's Queen
Arose from Adria's main,
And, o'er the subject-seas was seen
To spread her wide domain;
Cerulean Neptune from above
Beheld her turrets rise
And thus address'd his Brother Jove,

The Sov'reign of the skies:
Where now are all your haughty boasts
Of yon immortal Rome,
Her walls, her tow'rs, her martial hosts,
And proud imperial dome.
The City which the Deep commands,
Compar'd with Roman Tow'rs.
Rome seems the work of mortal hands,
But this of heav'nly pow'rs;
In Venice thousand Beauties dwell
All of their favours free,
And Venus first, as Poets tell,
Arose from out the sea.

Some years ago a College was founded at Dole in Bretagne by the Inhabitants of that City, and called ARC, *or the Bow; about the same time the King of France founded another College at some distance called* FLECHE, *or the Arrow. The Students of both Universities were appointed to write Epigrams for a Prize, the subject to be the Universities themselves. The Boy, who wrote the following excellent Epigram, received the Prize for his Wit, but was whipt for the ridicule against the Professors, who were Jesuits.*

Arcum Dola dedit Patribus, dedit alma Sagittam
Gallia; quis funem, quem meruere dabit?

TRANSLATED 24TH APRIL, 1789.

The town of Dole a Bow bestow'd
On our Right Rev'rend Fathers,
And from the Monarch's bounty flow'd
An Arrow set with feathers:
Unequall'd praise that Man attends
Who imitates the King,
And, to this learned Body, sends
The much-deserved Bow-string.

FAREWELL TO CAPE-TOWN.

ANNO 1802.

Cape-town, farewell! dull sordid thievish place,
Within all filth, and outward all grimace;
Thou painted sepulchre with white-wash'd skin
But rottenness and dead-men's bones within:
Thee Slav'ry serves, thee fallacy maintains,
And whips, and stripes and blood, and galling chains
The wretched Hottentot is doom'd to wear,
That his Dutch Tyrant may luxurious fare.

If envy, malice, avarice and strife,
Can make man miserable during life;
If supercilious ostentation join'd
With sordid selfishness corrupt the mind;
If Afric's sons expiring on the wheel,
While stripes of death her youthful damsels feel
For venial follies, and the tyrant boor,
The cause of all, does nought for this endure;
If crimes like these atrocious black and fell,
Offspring of Devils, and conceived in Hell

Can make Mankind forget their human state,
And be the very Dev'ls they imitate,
Then Hell itself is lodg'd within thy heart,
And more than time that England from thee part.

Ev'n great Dundas, who never yet knew fear,
From thy polluted shores will disappear;
Even great Dundas, the guardian of thy coast,
Will joyful lead away his British host.
Joyful embark them on the swelling main,
And having plow'd, some moons, the wat'ry plain,
Will, free from toils and dangers, be restored
To his dear Country, and Sov'reign Lord;
Who gracious father of his martial train,
Lets not his valiant heroes war in vain,
But still some high reward for each displays,
And loyal England joins in shouts of praise.

Yet think when next her conq'ring voice you hear
And her dread thunder bursts upon your ear,
Her vengeance will atone for such sad crimes,
And send the sons of Afric happier times.
Then shalt thou yield, nor Britain as before,
By force or treaty, quit thy country more,
But civilized the savage man become,
And the rais'd hut a comfortable home;

The savage beast be driv'n to distance far,
Or stretch'd in death amid the sylvan war,
Thro' rising woods the swarthy damsel rove,
And have no fears except the fears of love.
And the train'd Hottèntot, a soldier bold
Like Egypt, or Sabaea's sons of old—
Or his own ancestors old Arab tribes,
Unwon by conquest, unenticed by bribes,
Still for Britannia point his new-found arms
And in her cause still brave the worst alarms.
So shall th' oppress'd against th' oppressor turn,
So for his sins the proud oppressor mourn;
And freedom here, by Britain fix her reign,
Till peace, and plenty crown thy boundless plain;
Till slav'ry cease, till pow'r tyrannic die,
And Afric's farthest shores with Europe vie:
Here Commerce shall her golden wings extend;
Here East and West their richest produce send;
Arts flourish here; and Manufactures rise
Beneath the southern and the northern skies;
The sheep of Spain shall in South Afric dwell,
And in fine fleeces Spain herself excell:
The silk-worm here shall spin his slender thread,
And from new mulb'rry-leaves be plenteous fed:
Here grow the coffee-shrub, the sugar-cane,

From famed Columbus Isles shall cross the main:
New medals here shall heroes deeds renown,
New statuaries raise the sculptur'd stone.
While mighty George like Providence extends
His shelt'ring arms, to guard his subject-friends;
All hail him King, all own his Sov'reign sway,
And chearful all his high commands obey.

ADDRESS TO THE EAR-ACH.

Dire Ear-ach ! sad tormenting pain,
Worse than delirium of the brain,
That frequent kills us but with ease,
Compar'd to thee thou sad disease.

Tormentor of my infant days,
Thy rage, as then, its pow'r displays
So fierce, that oft the pain allows
Not one short moment of repose,
And with such noise assails mine ear,
That all the world, methinks, might hear,
But only makes the suff'rer deaf,
And still despair to find relief.

Yet fain would I thy pow'r rehearse,
In hum'rous and satiric Verse ;
If gay Euphrosyne will shed
Her influence o'er my painful head,
Inspiring with such mirthful Strains,
As once allay'd Sick Scarron's pains ;
And, in the dropsy, made so fit

Fielding, and Pope, to shew their wit ;
That one a hum'rous voyage penn'd,
And one a satire ne'er will end,
Till earth herself in ruins lie,
And mirth, disease, and satire die.
Not that myself I here propose
To rank with poets great as those
But an inferior sometimes may
Excite a laugh as well as they.

Yet here, perhaps we could discourse
Of th' ear-ach's nature, fire, and force,
And teach such remedies, as would
From this disorder clear our blood.
But those the learn'd Monro may write
And B— will answer in despite ;
Or some Reviewer like a Turk,
Strive to pull down his valued work.
Or Gregory his pen may take,
And teach our ears no more to ake ;
Him learned, him generous, still we see,
And oft prescribe without a fee :

But leave we them to their own schemes,
And follow our poetic dreams ;
We are not blest with their good nature,

Nor this a system but a satire.
And were the Muse of Horace mine,
I harsher words would soon combine
Gainst thee, dire-ear-ach ; than e'er he,
Bestow'd on that so vile, old tree,
That falling from its lofty height,
Had almost crushed him with its weight.
The Bard escap'd by fav'ring fate,
But I expect no bliss so great.
For thou hast vex't me all my life,
Worse than the most confounded wife ;
E'er vex't her dear with noise and strife ;
Or that dread weapon call'd a broom,
Which some to shew their pow'r assume.

O fell disease, that like the rack
Grows fiercer on each new attack,
That wastes with pain, our youthful strength,
And lays us in the grave at length,
The blood of thousands thou has spill'd ;
'Twas thy infernal fury kill'd
Young Francis of great Valois' house,
To whom fair Mary gave her vows,
And thus began misfortunes dread,
That after fell upon her head.

A greater foe to her thou wert
Than 'LIZABETH with all her art :
Than Bothwell or the nobles all,
That wrought her so lamented fall.
For had her youthfull Lord surviv'd
His Queen and Wife she long had liv'd.
Yet hast thou ne'er in print been seen
As Murd'rer of this beauteous Queen ;
Nor e'er Historian yet has thought
What ills on her thy fury brought ;
For which we execrate thy rage,
Destroyer dire of every age,
Child, manhood, youth, and life's last stage.

But fall we from those themes so great,
And now describe my present state,
From thee sad ear-ach, whose dire fangs,
So tortur's't oft with cruel pangs.

Thou first tormentedst me at sev'n,
But grew more serious past elev'n :
And scarce my youth a fortnight saw,
In which I scap'd thy cruel claw.

To shun thy force my native clime
I fled when past my manly prime
And sev'n good years I stopt away,

Thou ne'er cam'st nigh me, night nor day ;
But now return'd at fifty one
Thy fury is again begun.
Thou still attack'st me as before
Or to thy former pains add'st more.

Dire ear-ach ; in attacks more clever
Than rheumatism, gout or fever,
For in a moment thou com'st on,
But ah ! how long ere thou be gone ;
And thy departure is so short
I would but cannot, thank thee for't.
Ev'n now I feel thy painful twitch,
As pinch'd, and pummell'd by a witch,
Or, as a Cyclop in mine ears,
With one foot on th' Orbicular,
And one within the Stirrup should,
The Hammer, hard as e'er he could,
Knock on the anvil till each nerve,
That can the sense of hearing serve
Be thrill'd, with such tormenting pain
As fire or steel shot through my brain,
With noise within, so loud resounded,
As 'twere from roaring Ætna sounded

* Orbicularis, Stapes, Mallcus, Incus ; the names of the four bones, within the ear.

O! had I good St Dunstan's tongs,
I'd pull thy nose for all my wrongs,
Or send thée packing, with a flea
In thy own ear, as fierce as they.

But now I wait thee, as a friend,
But life, and rhymes at once to end;
For thy fell fury, one leg lame,
Two useless arms, or much the same,
That still refuse all Surgeons darnings,
Have giv'n me Mrs. Thrales three warnings.

To The Rev. GEORGE HAY DRUMMOND, A. M.

On receiving, from him, a Copy of his Verses Social, and Domestic, in exchange for one of my Voyage Home from the Cape of Good Hope, 1803.

When late, respected friend, to you
I gave my Muse's humble lays,
In hopes you might, with favor, view
The whole and sometimes deign to praise
A work of yours, with kind intent,
And equal complaisance you told
Should in return, to me be sent,
But that 't was only brass for gold.
But when enraptur'd, I peruse
Your valu'd present, just receiv'd ;
The effusions of your noble Muse
Have mine of fondest hopes bereav'd.
Her hopes of fame have disappear'd,
As morning dew from off the grass ;
For now she finds what then she fear'd,
Your verses gold, and hers but brass.

EPITAPH.

On a worthy Scotch Clergyman.

1785.

Here lies the dust of one who, dying gave
*His soul to Heav'n, his body to the grave;
For he was good, liv'd from the world retir'd;
His income small, yet more than he desir'd;
His learning great, his virtue greater still
His constant care to keep his flock from ill
To save the souls, committed to his trust,
T' instruct his friends, to make them wise and just,
His greatest praise, tho deem'd by some a foible
Was learning true Religion from the BIBLE.

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* "His soul to Heav'n, his body to the grave." Alluding to his last words that he resigned his Soul to his Creator, and his body to the grave.

THE FIRST

EPIGRAM OF THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

The Grecian games are four; and sacred these
Two to the Gods, two shades of men to please;
T' Archemorus Palemon these are giv'n,
But those to Phœbus, and high Jove in heav'n;
And wreaths of olive, apple, and the pine
With parsley still the Victors brows entwine.

TO SIR D.——C.—— OF S.——BARONET.

——— Non legatos, neque prima per artem
Tentamenta tui pepigi ; memet ipse meumque
Objeci caput, et——ad limina veni.

VIRGIL.

When ev'ry Muse inspir'd the Swan of Thames
To sing so sweetly, to the silver streams,
The groves of Windsor, Thetis Godlike Son
The Grecian triumphs, and proud Troy undone ;
Her slain defender dragg'd around her wall,
In dreadful vengeance for Patroclus' fall,
With those bright eyes, whose smiles for ten long years
Had set two worlds in arms, now drown'd in tears ;
Then Granville, Stanhope, St. John, Boyle, approv'd,
And came and listen'd to the song they lov'd.
For poetry they came, and not for chear ;
The treat was mutton, chickens, tarts and beer ;
Or one small pint of wine, if long they sit,
Was deemed sufficient to call forth their wit
Yet oft a visit of a week they paid,
And thought the hours were shorten'd while they staid.

Great Peterborough search'd amidst a croud,
Addressing all he met in accents loud,
How tuneful Parnell there he might discern;
Kind hearted Bathurst did the same by Sterne.
And I, tho' meaner far than these in fame,
May claim some title to a Poet's name
(But hard the fate of Bards in Scotia's clime)
I teach immortal Silius English Rhime.
Shew Hannibal, at his great Sire's command,
Before th' infernal altar now to stand,
Invoke the Stygian pow'rs, and dreadful swear
To waste the Romans with unceasing war;
Now clad in arms before Saguntum's town,
Her sons now slaughter'd, and her wall oe'rthrown,
Then climb the Alps, o'ercome th'eternal snow,
And now victorious on the banks of Po,
Now dye with Roman blood the Trebian Stream,
And now from slain Flaminius gain a name.
Shew cautious Fabius next the war prolong,
Or now with softer themes adorn the song
Elisa's death, the Tyrian city's tears,
Fair Anna's exile, and her fatal fears;
Then to the war return in loftier strains
Describe the nations on Ausonia's plains,
Their chiefs, their numbers, all the race that fills
Her towns, her vallies, and her vine-clad hills;

Those towns, those mountains ev'ry fertile state,
Yourself and your fair Consort passed so late ;
Shew Cannæ's field with slaughter cover'd o'er
And Aufidus swell'd high with Roman gore,
While warring Gods so num'rous croud the plain,
That Heav'n is empty'd of the immortal train :
While hot from Ætna's womb Vulturnus flies,
In one black tempest mixes earth and skies,
And hurls on the Rutulians burning sand,
That turns the conquest to the Tyrian band ;
Then wounded Paulus seated on a stone,
Inclos'd, and by a thousand darts o'er thrown ;
Metaurus' waves now bear the hostile line,
With blood of Asdrubal now purple shine,
While on the jav'lin's point appears his head,
And falling Legions the high banks o'erspread
Shew Syracuse oppress'd by Roman arms,
Great Archimedes kill'd amidst alarms,
And all his wondrous art now render'd vain,
That sunk whole navies in the whelming main ;
Then Scipio's triumph, Zama's fatal field,
And Hannibal oblig'd at length to yield,
From envious factions that prevail'd at home,
And gave their country to the pow'r of Rome,
Such themes might Patriots with delight peruse.
And Warriors gain instruction from the Muse.

But while I spend my hours in themes like these
And strive t' instruct the Public, and to please,
No Granville, Stanhope, St. John, Boyle appears,
And scarce an old acquaintance greets my ears;
Or one perhaps may make a flying call,
And think it honour that he comes at all.
Yet let him go; when men are made to pray;
The forc'd request by winds is blown away;
And neither fortune high, nor low can bind
In friendship, but a likeness of the mind.
Some still be kept at distance, whom I deem
Not much my friends, or else beneath esteem,
I need not, as before to such resort
Nor e'er a doubtful friendship wish to court;
For tho' much indispos'd a while I mourn'd,
But health, and spirits have again return'd,
And tho' not affluent yet I live at ease.
Have quite enough, and see just whom I please
Yet much I grieve that, far from learning here
Not one to aid me, and so few to chear,
Some useful works must long unprinted lie,*
And some perhaps be just conceiv'd, and die.

* l. 89. Alluding to the Author's translation of *Pædatrophia* then lying by him in Ms.

For ev'n the greatest bard plac'd so remote,
Sometimes would feel a vacancy of thought,
And might be tempted oft to cease his flight,
Prevented long to send his works to light;
Nor e'er the fame of Poets wide expands
Oblig'd to publish by another's hands.
Yet to my BUCHAN here be warmest praise,
With all the thanks that gratitude repays;
Friend of my heart he gave my Muse her fame,
And, gen'rous still protects her humble name,
Nor e'er disdains to publishers to send
Her offspring, and in all to recommend.
Nor Woodhouselee my kinsman be forgot;
Who, in a higher, and a happier lot,
Wise, modest, learn'd, sincere, and skilled to give
Instructions every bard might fond receive,
Sends kind advice, supports my drooping wing
And oft informs what songs are best to sing.

And good CARNEGIE as before inquires
For one, he thought had some poetic fires,
And may perhaps a friendly visit pay,
With whom sometimes I pass'd a mirthful day,
When careless of the future as the past,
I wish'd the present would for ever last.
For sure such works some small attention claim,

Nor is all taste, and learning but a name
Works in North-Britain scarcely try'd before,
Except by Douglas, Bard renown'd of yore;
Hail happier Bard, and born in happier times!
When all the great were learn'd, and fond of rhimes.
His hand for noble Sinclair tun'd the Lyre,
And fortunes fav'ring smiles increas'd his fire;
Yet has his failing language sunk almost,
And now the theme is all we have to boast:
Great Dryden has usurp'd the poets bays,
And Maro lives in his immortal lays.

Such once the fate of Bards, tho' now despis'd,
Their merit little, less their learning priz'd.
Who writes for profit may a day succeed,
But scarce posterity his works will read.
And who for fame, it spreads so slow, the Bard
But from posterity obtains reward.
Hence the frequented tomb, the honour'd dust,
The sculptur'd urn, and monumental bust
Of those in life so little known, or seen,
Some few can only tell, the men have been.
Yet may such times return, and classic lore
Beheld in estimation as before.
An English Silius may be read, admir'd,
Still British hearts with Roman virtue fird,

And you tho' learn'd, some entertainment find
From great ideas of a consuls mind,
In his old native tongue before conceal'd,
Or only in a barb'rous style reveal'd.
Then may you trace the Tyrian host from Spain
With all their labours of the land, and main,
In English love what Homer might rehearse,
And changing names had pass'd for Virgil's verse;
For all he wants an equal fame to gain
Is the perfection of an Epic plan.

O may the Nine to his Translator's heart
Some sparks of a congenial fire impart.
Exalt his genius, and a song inspire,
Not quite unworthy of so great a Lyre.
So Rev'rend Silius yet may leave his urn,
The ancient glories of his name return
He gain his vow to live in latest days
And still be crown'd with never fading bays.

Then at some time, when politics are o'er,
Debates, and news of battles read no more,
When all the rage of war at length shall cease,
And willing realms are bless'd with grateful peace
When in *Britannia's* senate you obtain
That honour'd place, you so deserve to gain

From wisdom, learning, probity, and all
The virtues that to worthy Patriots fall,
Or when, not thinking lofty domes to build,
To plant, to tame the genius of the field,
Or tend the race of beauties, doomed to give
The domes a fame beyond themselves will live;
Tho' fair the structures stretch in to the sky,
And deep beneath the strong foundations lie,
The walls of solid stones, so nicely hewn,
And closely fixed, they might for one be shewn
And all the fabric so compactly bound,
It matches ev'n the first on British ground;
Nor less within, the well-proportion'd rooms,
Doors, pillars, cornices that crown the domes;
The ample windows placed in order bright,
And shedding each so just degrees of light,
None e'er could say, th' arrangement still is such,
That one admits too little, or too much;
Then stairs, then porticos, the arches wide
The fair apartments rang'd on either side,
Where all is occupied, and nothing waste,
At once display magnificence, and taste:
When from pursuits so noble you retire
To read some Bard, or write with equal fire;
If lines, like these, have then the pow'r to steal

Your thoughts still anxious for the public weal;
If lines, like these, from your own Eska sent,
Have then the power to change your mind's intent,
You may perhaps, feel some small wish to know
How Silius from a Scottish lyre will flow,
Nor then disdain to spend an hour with me,
And fragrant wines forget for humble tea,
With verse, that may perhaps not merit blame,
But give its author and his country fame.

H. W. TYTLER.

BRECHIN, 19TH AUGUST, 1795.

ON HEARING THREE YOUNG LADIES' PLAY WITH EXQUISITE SKILL ON THE PIANO PORTE.

As late the bright immortal Nine
  In golden clouds involv'd
Sat on Olympus' tops divine,
  And future things resolved:
Euphrosyne from high came down
  To glad the heav'nly band;
Upon her head a laurel crown,
  A palm-branch in her hand
And who (she cry'd) deserves to wear
  The palm, the bays I bring;
The sacred prize to her I bear,
  Who swcetest sweeps the string.
If she be pow'r in heav'n above,
  Or nymph in earth below,
Whose notes most sweetly fill the grove,
  And bid the passions bow.

Oh! hear you not, reply'd the Nine,
The numbers all admire,
But not from any pow'r divine,
Three mortals strike the lyre,
Sweet as when Orpheus' tuneful hand,
With its all pow'rful call,
Made mountains dance, rocks leave the land
And rise the Theban wall.
Or such Timotheus' wondrous strain,
That charm'd the son of Jove,
Now fir'd to war, now sooth'd again
To pity and to love.
And as the notes now lofty rise,
Now dying melt away,
Our thoughts now seem to strike the skies
Or now in earth decay.
The Nine in harmony no more
Superior fame contest;
Three nymphs on Albions' hallow'd shore
Shall with the bays be blest.
From their fair hands as from the spheres,
Those heav'nly numbers flow,
That fix our hearts, command our ears,
And bid the passions bow
The Muses ceas'd; the Queen of mirth

Straight from their haunts retir'd.
And smiling turn'd her face to earth,
With sweeter music fir'd.
On golden wings she cut the skies,
And swift-descending down,
To three fair Farquhars gave the prize
The palm and laurel-crown.

TO MISS A——A ST——LE.

In Carthage once an Anna liv'd,
A maid of beauteous mien,
Elisa's hapless fate survived,
And in Italia seen,
Became the goddess of the plain,
Where fair Numicus falls
In little rills, and meets the main
Beside Laurentum's walls.
She there, for ages, was rever'd,
And many another maid,
Of equal face, and air appear'd
To bless the sacred shade.
But when fair Freedom left the shore,
And Rome her absence mourn'd;
Each lovely dame with her she bore,
Who there no more return'd;
But fix'd their seat in this green Isle,
With freedom to remain,
And here will live, will sport, and smile,

While she maintains her reign.
For beauty still with freedom roves,
Still wheresoe'er she goes,
Inhabits mountains, towns or groves,
And only finds repose.
So let old Virgil Anna boast,
And Horace Lydia too;
The Ladies on Britannia's Coast
Are of a fairer hue.
On Thames his banks an Anna dwells
More bright in mind and face,
Than all to whom those ancient tales
Have giv'n so fam'd a place.
When she was born, at Juno's call,
The smiles, the graces came;
Wit, wisdom, innocence; and all
Hung o'er her infant frame.
A gift from each compos'd her soul;
Fair beauty gave her mien
And with good humour bound the whole,
The Cestus of Love's Queen.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this sod, honest auld Eppy lies,
Who rocked the cradle well, and calm'd young cries,
But swore so, that no word from her e'er sprung,
But still some thoughtless oath was on her tongue
Yet let none judge too hard of her for this,
Her words were true, her actions not amiss;
And reader think, if thou be blest with thought
Thou hast not got thyself as great a fault.

ON THE BIRTH DAY. OF G.—W.—

Yet Sons of freedom. hail th' auspicious morn
On which illustrious W —was born ;
A patriot, with the greatest to be nam'd ;
A warrior, with the mightiest warriors fam'd ;
The first of Statesmen, that e'er yet has been,
Or wise as Solon, and Lycurgus seen :
Inspir'd, like Numa, gave new Countries laws,
And fought, and vanquish'd in their glorious cause.
Against oppression still he rear'd his head ;
Before his footsteps still oppression fled :
And while a world's applause rewards his pain,
So many verses as these lines contain,
So many States from him their freedom gain. } 13

22*d. Febr.* 1804.

TO PETER PINDAR.

Χαιρε αναξ —— ο δε Μωμος

CALLIM.

In ancient times when Homer wrote,
To celebrate his Country's praise;
Great actions rais'd the Poet's thought,
And crown'd him with immortal Bays.
When Phrygia's Monarch was dethron'd,
And from paternal Kingdoms flung,
The pitying muse his fate bemoan'd;
With tears the tender tale she sung.
Ulysses having plough'd the main,
Returning from the Trojan Coast,
With fiction fill'd his native plain;
In wonder, still, the Bard was lost.
Our Pindar wings his roving flight
Thro' paths to former Bards unknown;
Shews folly in conspicuous light
And sits supreme on satire's throne.
He follows Bruce thro winds and tides,

Which but himself no muse could sing;
Fictitious travels he derides,
And ridicules a vanquish'd king.
But since corruption rais'd her head,
What Patriotic Bard can smile?
Let pathos reign in satire's stead,
And shed soft tears o'er Britains tale
When next the muse inspires to sing,
Leave Bruce on Afric's barren coast,
And mount on the Mœonian wing,
To weep the western Empire lost.

ELEGY.

One mournful Lay, Melpomene divine,
Devote with tears at fair Miranda's shrine;
Whom piety, nor worth, nor ev'ry grace
That e'er was granted to the female race,
Nor all a tender husbands care could save
From ills unthought of, and a timeless grave.

Late on the plains beneath the wood-topt hill
Where gentle Cruik rolls his silver rill,
The pride, the glory of the place she shone
With virtue, beauty, graces, all her own;
Boast of the poor, an honour to the great,
Nor less a wonder of the nuptial state.
A daughter, solace of her parent's life,
A tender sister, mother, friend and wife,
And in four little beauties left behind
Shines the bright image of her face and mind;
Oh! blest Miranda, by high Heav'ns decree,
Thy father's pious soul was all in thee.
But death destroyer of all human bliss
Deny'd thy fondest friend his Paradise;

The doom denounc'd for the first Woman's crime,
The dreadful throes, that spare no age or clime,
Wreak'd on thine angel-form their fiercest pow'r,
And robb'd the world of its most charming flow'r;
See to her tomb the widow'd Husband move,
And thinking of past days and happy love,
Shed tears of anguish o'er the clay-cold breast,
Doom'd in his circling arms no more to rest;
On which so oft he had repos'd his head,
But now with kindred dust untimely laid.

Behold a Sister mourning o'er thy bed,
A weeping Mother raise thy fainting head,
While at thy side, unconscious of such ills,
A little infant waves her hand and smiles,
But all resisted not the stroke of death,
The pow'r who gave recall'd thy fragrant breath,
As when no more the gentle Zephyr blows
On blooming lilies, or the blushing rose,
In Summer, when the fierce meridian ray
Of Phœbus pours abroad the scorching day;
They shrink, they wither, drop their heads and die,
So was Miranda doom'd in dust to lie.

O from the Church where rest her dear remains
Be far, whate'er a sacred place distains;
There let no baleful yew, no cypress rise,

No bird of night with screeching rend the skies,
No raven croak, no bat his pinions wave,
Nor feet unhallow'd e'er approach her grave,

But rural maidens, and ye rural swains
Cull choicest garlands from your flowery plains;
With myrrh, with myrtles, with fresh laurels come;
And sigh, and sorrow as ye deck her tomb,
Till mimic echoes in like notes deplore,
And hills resound "Miranda is no more",

There let the thrushes chaunt, the linnet come
The twittring swallow build his little home,
And mourn Miranda's fate yet still believe
That they protection from her hand receive:
From southern skies ye swans make haste to fly,
And sing for her your elegies, and die.
Let midnight Fairies there resorting mourn.
Her sudden fate, and her untimely urn
Neglect their revels, ev'ry sportive rite,
And waste in tears the melancholy night
While dews descend from the relenting sky.
And rising Zephyr breathes an ans'wring sigh.

See to her tomb the widow'd husband move
And lead along a pledge of former love;

An elder daughter, but in youthful bloom,
With tears lamenting this untimely doom;
Two mothers gone for ever; yet she sees
One parent still, to pay the loss of these.

Then close beside, see Hymen weeping stand
And bear two infant beauties in each hand;
His torch extinguish'd and his hair unbound,
His faded myrtle scatter'd on the ground
A love-lorn turtle sighing o'er his head,
And mournful willows rising at his tread.
The babes, tho' drest in sable yet so young
As not to know from whom themselves had sprung
Think but of mirth, look chearful, smile, and play,
As if no mother had been snatch'd away
While at the sight their father's griefs increase,
He weeps, and folds them in a fond embrace.

But 'mid this scene of woe; behold on high
A sudden radiance far illume the sky;
Full in the blaze Miranda's form appears,
And heavenly music breaks upon their ears;
A goddess now she seem'd in light array'd,
And in a voice, more sweet than mortal, said.

Ye smiling infants of my darling care,
Theme of my heart and object of my prayer
Think not that I so far from you remove,
That you possess not still maternal love;
Such love as mortals from bless'd spirits gain,
Is yours and ever shall with you remain.
Your mother once, your guardian angel now
Will tend, and watch you, while you live below,
Direct your steps in virtues paths aright,
And lead you pure and late to realms of light,
So shall Miranda's loss be so supply'd
That you surviving, none will think she dy'd.

OLD EPIGRAM ON ANTHONY,

Modernized.

Thou, Father Anthony, once careful fed
A herd of Swine, within thy pastures bred;
And now thou feedest, with an equal care,
A herd of Monks, that the same pleasures share,
Both are the same for gluttony, for sense,
For filth, and both are kept at great expence.
Both love to fill their greedy paunch alike,
And in the unarm'd their hideous fangs to strike
Nor was the former kind, you valu'd least,
Than this a greater sot, or swinish beast,
So much their minds in ev'ry point agree,
That in thy conduct but one fault I see,
Thou feedest not these devouring monks of thine
With mast of oak as once thy grunting swine.

CHANSON POPULAIRE.

Chanteé dans les Rues de Paris sur le premier Anniversaire de la derniere Revolution.

Les Traitres à la nation
Craignent la federation ;
C'est ce qui les desole ;
Mâis âussi depuis plus d'un an
La liberté poursuit son plan
C'est ce qui nous console.
L'instant arrive où pour jamais
Vont s'éclipser tous leurs projets
C'est ce qui les desole ;
Et l'homme, enfin va pour jamais,
Rétablir l'homme dans ses droits,
C'est ce qui nous console.
Il arrive souvent qu' aux bois
On va deux pour revenir trois
Dit la chanson frivole :
Trois ordres sétoient assemblés,
Un sage Abbé les a mélés,
'Cest ce qui nous console.
Quelques uns regrettent leur rangs,

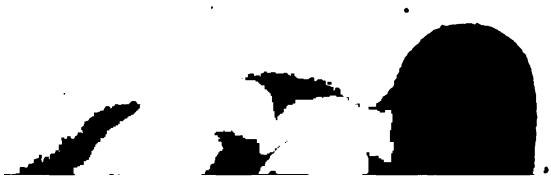
Leur croix, leur titres, leur rubans,
C'est ce qui les desole;
Ne brillons plus, il en est tems,
Que par les meurs et les talens:
C'est ce qui nous console.
Sans doute on fera moins de cas,
Et des cordons, et de crachats:
C'est ce qui les desole:
Mâis les lauriers mâis les epis
Les feuilles de chêne out leur prix,
C'est ce qui nous console.
On en a vu qui tristement
N'on fait qu'épeler leur serment;
C'est ce qui nous desole
On va le faire à haute voix
De bouche, et de cœur à la foix
C'est ce qui nous console.

TRANSLATION.

The traitors to their country's cause
Dread the restorers of the laws,
And thence begins their woe,
A years elaps'd since we began
T' assert the nat'ral rights of man,
And thence our pleasures flow.
The time is come that every scheme
Must vanish like an idle dream
And thence begins their woe,
For man at length shall man restore
To rights by him possess'd before,
And thence our pleasures flow.
Tis said and sung, that from the grove
Oft three return; tho' led by love
But two were seen to go:
The three Estates in council met,
But one sage abbé stopt debate,
And thence our pleasures flow.
With sorrow some lament the loss
Of titles, ribbands, rank and cross,

And thence begins their woe;
Those only give a noble name,
Whom great endowments raise to fame
And thence our pleasures flow.
Tis true the purple zone will cease,
The star in value much decrease,
And hence begins their woe:
But laurel trees, the ripening field,
Broad oaken leaves their price shall yield
And thence our pleasures flow.
Of late we sadly kiss'd the book,
And slowly spelt the oath we took,
From whence began our woe,
But now, with chearful heart and voice
To swear allegiance we rejoice,
And thence our pleasures flow.

FINIS.



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